THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888. $4 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 39

INTO THE GULF.

BY RITA.

Come while the blackbirds call from the hollow—
Come while the earth is aflush with May!
Love beckons kindly—ah, let us follow!
Time cannot grudge us one sacred day.

Come while the perfumed breezes are blowing,
Thrilling the pulses with blind delight—
Come, for the shadowy hours are flowing
Into the gulf of the endless night!

Soon will the leaves, like our youth, be dying.
Soon will our life, like the leaves, fall sere;
Leaves and lives to the dead are flying—
Let us have joy of our youth, my dear.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

FOR ten minutes the death-like stillness of the drawing-room was unbroken, then Mabel, running lightly downstairs in her fresh white gown, and tiny high-heeled shoes, with radiant eyes and vividly red lips, entered the room with a rustle of dainty skirts, and a half-laughing apology for the delay, which died away on her lips as she perceived Pauline's attitude and the immobility of her drooping figure. A sudden great pang of fear chained her to the spot where she stood for a moment, then in intense anxiety she hastened to her sister's side.

Pauline was not unconscious; she had heard her sister enter the room, but she had not power to raise her head or move; a deadly chill held her benumbed, she could not speak; the hand which Mabel took in hers lay cold and death-like in her warm palm, the beautiful face remained hidden against the table.

Bell's anxiety was so intense that she could hardly force herself to speak. Twice her lips parted, but the words died away upon them. What terrible thing had come to pass in that half hour? This was no ordinary illness, she felt sure.

"Pauline, darling," she said at length, speaking, for all her agitation, in a firm, clear voice which reached her sister's benumbed faculties; "what is it? Are you ill?"

There was no answer. Mabel gently released the chill fingers from hers; as she did so, Pauline's hand fell heavily and inert at her side. With a great terror making her heart almost cease to beat, yet with a calmness and strength wonderful in so young a girl and at such a time, she put her gentle hands on Pauline's head and lifted it; a faint shiver ran through Miss Stanley's drooping figure, her head sank heavily back on her sister's shoulder, her eyes looked upward into Mabel's with a recognition in their gaze which could not blot out the agony which Bell saw with a sudden caught breath, almost a sob.

"I am afraid you are ill, darling," she said gently, speaking calmly, notwithstanding her intense fear; "the heat this afternoon has been too much for you. I will call Dorcas."

"No, no," murmured Pauline, but so feebly that it was more by the movement of her lips than the sound that Mabel could guess her meaning. "Call no one. Stay!"

"Of course I will stay, dearest," Bell answered soothingly and softly, putting back the loosened masses of Pauline's hair from the pale brow as her head lay upon her shoulder. "I will open the window," she added, gently placing the beautiful, inert head against the cushions of the chair; and hurrying to the nearest window, she threw it open and hastened back to her sister's side.

She was quite conscious, and even Bell's inexperience felt that this was no ordinary swooning, amenable to ordinary remedies. Pauline seemed perfectly strengthless; she sat, collapsed upon herself like an old woman; her pale, pinched face was upturned, with a look of agony in her eyes; her hands hung passively over the arms of her chair; no one would have recognized her as the beautiful, radiant woman of an hour before, save, perhaps, by the luxuriance of her golden hair, and the deep violet hue of her eyes.

"Let me get you some water, dear," Bell said tenderly; but as she turned to go, Pauline's weak hand, stronger from its very weakness than a clasp of iron would have been, caught feebly at her gown.

"Stay," she said faintly. "Don't go, Bell, I am better. Can you help me—to the window?"

"Of course, dear. The air will do you good," Bell said cheerily, and with her assistance Pauline rose and made a few steps towards the window.

The distance was but short, yet the effort was too great. Midway her strength failed again, her head sank; she fell gasping upon her sister's shoulder; and only Bell's strong young arms kept her from slipping to the ground.

Never had Mabel Stanley's strength and vigor seemed so precious to her as now, when it enabled her to support the trembling, drooping form which lay in her arms, and, although she staggered slightly under the dead weight of the slight figure, she managed to guide her sister's helpless steps to the open window.

A chair stood near it, upon which she placed Pauline, still supporting her in her arms, where she rested—inert, passive, utterly incapable of movement, yet, as her wide, bright eyes plainly showed, conscious still.

For many a long year Mabel Stanley recalled with clearness the agony of the next few minutes; for many a month she could not close her eyes without seeing again that death-like face, without feeling the heavy hand upon her breast, the swaying, sinking form in her arms, which trembled convulsively once or twice.

Illness was almost unknown to Bell, she had never felt the least inclination to faint in her healthy young life, and, although she had seen one or two of her schoolmates do so, she knew that theirs had been no such illness as this.

"Patience, darling," she said more than once, but the words were unheeded, unless the faint moan which escaped Pauline's lips answered them.

Only minutes passed while the two girls remained thus, but to the younger the minutes seemed hours. She was too anxious even to feel the strain upon her which her attitude and the helpless form she supported must have been.

She could think of nothing but Lina's condition, which seemed to be growing worse and worse. As the strong sunshine fell upon her face it seemed to mock its anguish, and Mabel felt an almost irrepressible desire to hide the miserable eyes and haggard features from its light.

"Oh, my dearest! What is it? Let me comfort you!" she said passionately, stooping her sweet lips to her sister's chill mouth. "Can I do nothing for you? It is Mabel, dear—your sister Mabel!"

The voice, in its anguished tones, seemed to reach Pauline's benumbed senses; she tried to lift he hand to her brow, but even that was beyond her. She turned her head feebly towards her sister, hiding her face against her.

"Bell," she moaned faintly, while long, convulsive shuddering shook her from head to foot. "Oh, Bell, Bell!"

The feeble, moaning voice thrilled the girl's heart as no fierce, passionate cry could have done. Ere she could reply, Pauline had lifted her head and turned her face to the window again, gasping for air.

Bell's anxiety increased with every moment, until it grew unbearable. She felt keenly, too, her utter helplessness; she would have disregarded her sister's request, and summonded Dorcas, but the bell was not within reach, and she dared not remove her arms from Pauline lest she should fall.

She was half beside herself with terror. That Pauline's illness proceeded from some sudden shock or sorrow, she felt certain. What awful thing had happened, she wondered, looking with tender, anxious eyes at the death-like face upon her shoulder.

Presently it seemed as if its terrible immobility had faded slightly, and the convulsive trembling of Pauline's form had ceased, but the look of agony in her eyes made Bell's heart contract painfully, while her extreme weakness was shown but too plainly by the dead weight of her golden head and slight form, supported on Mabel's shoulder.

"Dear, I must call Dorcas," Bell said, trying to speak brightly. "A little wine would do you good, Lina! The heat has made you feel faint, and——"

Pauline faintly moved her head on Bell's shoulder.

"Nothing can do me any good, Bell," she said slowly, pausing between each word as if they were only spoken by an effort. "Stay with me, dear," she added wildly, after a moment. "Don't let anyone else see my misery! This is not faintness, it is death! I have been stabbed to the heart, Bell, stabbed to the heart!"

Her head sank yet more heavily on Bell's shoulder, her eyes closed; her heart beat violently against Bell's arm as it supported her, her breath came in gasps.

For a minute Bell watched her, fearful that her words were coming true, and that death, indeed, would supervene; then, to her amazement, the blue eyes opened suddenly, and Pauline rose, unaided, putting away her sister's arms. Walking with a strange, mechanical movement, she crossed the room, and, stooping, picked up the letter which had fallen from her hand.

And then in truth it seemed to Bell that the words she had uttered might have been literally as well as figuratively true, that the wound which had been inflicted upon her could not have been more cruel if the hand which had dealt it had plunged a dagger into her heart. Nay, she felt that it would have been even more merciful in so doing since this terrible agony would have been spared her in a sudden and painless death.

As she lifted the letter, the drawing-room door opened, and Dorcas Fane appeared on the threshold; but Pauline took no heed of her entrance; instead, she stood holding the letter in her hands, staring wildly at it.

Long convulsive tremors shook her slender, white-clad form, and when her sister and Dorcas hurried to support her, she turned from them, shaking off their touch with a fierce little cry of pain which went straight to the hearts of the two women.

She, who a few minutes before had been weak to helplessness, seemed suddenly to be endued with strength; a fever of unrest and anguish held her in agitation utterly beyond her control.

She paced the room with staggering steps, her eyes gleaming wildly, her hands sometimes clasped together in agony; at others they were pressed close to her side as if to deaden some fierce, terrible pain there; broken words, vague and incoherent, escaped her lips.

Once or twice her strength seemed to fail, and she suffered Bell to put her arms round her and try to soothe her with tenderest caresses, but it was only for a moment; the next she wrenched herself from the girl's tender clasp and resumed her restless pacing to and fro; until at the end of a quarter of an hour, which had held a life time of anguish for the devoted sister and the faithful maid, her weakness triumphed over the feverish agony: she staggered, gasped for breath, and fell back swooning into Bell's arms.

But even then the blessing of unconsciousness was denied her, for the wild eyes, with their dilated pupils and anguished expression, looked out from under the loosened hair, and the pale lips parted in faint moans of suffering.

As they placed her on the couch, her hand, which through all the nervous paroxysm had remained clenched upon the fatal letter, released its hold, the nerveless fingers fell apart, and the paper fluttered from between them and fell to the ground. Bell did not heed it; she was supporting the fainting head upon her arm, and all her attention was given to her sister.

But Dorcas saw it; she caught it up eagerly, and slipped it into the pocket of her apron. Surely it contained the clue to this sudden and terrible attack, she thought, as she hurried out of the room for a restorative, and to send a messenger for Doctor Pearson.

Mabel herself, kneeling beside the couch, supporting her sister in the half-reclining posture which seemed least painful to her, felt as if she were in a terrible dream. Could this be Pauline, who had met her a few hours before, so bright and beautiful?—this pale, prostrate, swooning woman, whose ghastly pallor was rendered yet more ghastly by the dark hue of the velvet cushions of her couch?

Oh, surely she was dreaming some awful nightmare! She would awaken soon and find herself in her pretty room which Pauline had decked so gaily for her, and see her sister smiling at her with loving eyes. Surely so brief a time could not have so greatly altered her life.

Outside, the sun was still shining, the roses were blooming, sweetly filling the air with fragrance, the pretty, dainty drawing-room was unchanged, as her eyes wandered around and then came back and rested again upon her sister. Alas! it was no dream.

It was Pauline's head which rested, with upturned face, upon her arm; Pauline's heart which beat with such slow, painful, suffocating throbs; Pauline's faint, gasping breathing which was so distinctly audible in the otherwise death-like stillness of the room. It was no dream, but a terrible reality. No wonder that in after years, when Mabel recalled that pitiful picture, it hardened her heart and blinded her to all other feeling but revenge.

Utter and complete prostration had succeeded that brief paroxysm of agony, and this utter strengthlessness was even more painful to witness than Pauline's earlier faintness.

The loosened golden hair, straying over the dark velvet, was damp about the brow with treacherous moisture; dark shadows, almost like bruises, were showing themselves under the beautiful eyes; a faint, bluish pallor was creeping about her lips; the fever brightness was fading out of her eyes, leaving them dim and languid, the gown had been torn and disordered about her throat and bosom by the little hands, which now hung nerveless and powerless at her sides.

Her beauty—that unattainable beauty of feature—which survived her exquisite coloring, added to the pathos of the picture; she looked as if the hold she had of life

was of the frailest, as if at any moment the thread which bound her to it might snap.

A terrible fear cut Bell's heart like a knife as she bathed the pale brow, and longed with a longing, as intense as it was powerless, to share her vigorous health and strength with this beloved woman, who lay there motionless, her wide open eyes, with that fixed and terrible look of pain, staring before her.

In a few minutes Dorcas returned with a restorative, and Mabel, with that skilled tenderness which is natural to some women, but which others can never acquire, lifted her sister in her strong arms, and supported her in them while she swallowed a little of the cordial, with what was evidently a painful effort. Then she turned her languid eyes upon her sister.

"Hold me so," she murmured faintly. "The pain is easier! I can breathe more easily. Oh, Bell, darling! if I could stay with you a little while!"

"You will be better soon. You are better," Bell said gently. "You have overtired yourself, and that long drive in the hot sun made you faint. Dorcas says you are faint sometimes, Lina," she added, trying vainly to reassure herself while she addressed her sister.

"But not like this! All my strength is gone, Bell," whispered the dying girl; "I live on yours now!"

"Mine is enough for us both," Bell said, steadying her voice and smiling bravely into the failing eyes upraised to her. "Doctor Pearson will be here soon, dearest, and he will make you strong again."

A faint, incredulous smile crossed the pallid lips, like the wraith of Pauline's old, lovely, radiant smile; she tried to raise herself, but the effort was too great. Bell felt her slender form shrink and collapse, and droop more heavily against her; the blue eyes closed, her head fell back, just as the door opened and Doctor Pearson hurriedly entered the room, and as he came his face changed and darkened with sudden and great anxiety.

He came hurriedly to the side of the couch and bent over the prostrate, white-clad form. Bell watched him breathlessly, her eyes full of keen, questioning scrutiny, her lips parted, her heart throbbing to suffocation, and as she looked, every lingering hope died out of the girl's heart; she read, in the sorrow on the kind, grave face, that her sister's [illegible] had been true.

"This is not faintness," Pauline had moaned, with her head on her sister's breast; "it is death."

"Put her down," the doctor said gently, as he moved the cushions; and Bell obeyed, and stood silent and motionless while he, with a gentleness which showed how kindly he felt towards his patient, made a brief examination.

Watching him with dilating eyes, and heart throbbing to suffocation, Bell saw plainly how the anxiety deepened on his face, the sadness in his eyes.

A few minutes sufficed to restore Lina's consciousness, but her feeble attempt at speech was at once gently checked; then the doctor administered a few drops of some medicine he had brought with him, and which appeared to ease the painful breathing, and presently Pauline seemed to fall asleep.

Bell never forgot the intense relief of seeing a less agonized expression on the beautiful still face, and again a gleam of hope rose in her heart.

For an hour and more Doctor Pearson sat beside the low couch on which Pauline lay, watching closely the uneven beating of her heart, the feeble fluttering of her pulse, then, with a few words to Dorcas, he rose, and Bell followed him out of the room with trembling limbs which could hardly support her, feeling like a criminal about to hear her doom.

CHAPTER IV.

THE hall was bright with the glow of the setting sun, and in its light Doctor Pearson and Mabel Stanley looked at each other in silence.

Words were difficult to the doctor just then, to the young girl they were impossible; she stood leaning heavily against the panelled wall, her beautiful eyes fixed upon his in mute entreaty; the pretty white gown with its bravery of yellow ribbons and broad soft silk sash seemed to mock the anguish on her face, which appeared to have aged ten years since Doctor Pearson had seen it a few hours before.

"What can I say to you, my poor child?" he said sadly, as he took both her little, chill hands in his. "I know how dear she is to you, and I would fain give you comfort and hope, but if I did, it would be at the expense of the truth."

Bell looked at him half unconsciously, her hands clasped in his with a strength of which she was quite unaware; she felt faint and cold in the soft, summer air.

"She has had some terrible shock," he went on gently; "and her heart has always been feeble. What trouble is this which has come upon her, Bell?"

The girl put her hand confusedly to her head.

"I do not know," she said, trying to moisten her white lips. "She seemed so well and happy when she left me, and ——"

"Tell me, if you can, my child, it will help me perhaps," Doctor Pearson urged, as her voice failed her.

"I came down to the drawing-room half an hour after and found her there," the young girl went on faintly; "I thought she was faint, and wanted to call Dorcas, but she would not; she seemed quite conscious, but too weak to support herself, she shook very much and moaned——"

"Did she say nothing?"

"Yes; she——" Bell faltered, remembering so vividly all that had passed that the remembrance almost overpowered her —"she said it was not faintness, it was death—that she had been stabbed to the heart."

"Ah!" the doctor ejaculated; "that is it. Some terrible trouble has come upon her, and she was not strong enough to bear it. Her heart has been long feeble, and she is a woman of warm feelings, loving and suffering strongly. Some months ago she had some rather alarming attacks of fainting, but she has been better."

He paused a moment, then went on rapidly, "Did she see any one after leaving you?"

"I think not," the girl answered with white lips. "But——"

"But what, my child?"

"I think she had a letter," Bell said breathlessly.

"A letter?"

"Yes. Suddenly her faintness seemed to pass," Bell continued rapidly. "She tore herself out of my arms and paced up and down, holding a letter which she had taken from the floor where she had let it fall. She seemed in terrible trouble," Bell said, her lips shaking so that speech was almost impossible, "and I was glad when her strength failed."

"Whatever the letter contained, it gave her a shock from which she has not strength to rally," Doctor Pearson said gravely. "It stabbed her, as she said to the heart! Your sister would never have lived to be an old woman," he went on very gently, "but she might have been spared to you for many happy years. As it is, the agony of the last few hours has done the work of years of lesser pain. Her heart has failed under the strain it was always unequal to! Poor child, it is terrible for you both!"

"But she is not dying!" broke in a piteous cry from Bell's white lips, as she reeled slightly in her agony. "Oh, no, no! she is so young, she cannot be dying!"

"I should be no true friend to tell you otherwise, my poor little girl," the doctor said huskily, turning away his eyes from hers. "All the medical skill in Europe could not save her. Mabel! Ah!"

He caught her on his arm as she fell, but her weakness was only momentary; in a second she had rallied and was struggling against the sick faintness which had made the hall dark before her eyes, while the doctor's kind voice sounded strangely low and distant. His own eyes were dim as he looked at her white face and saw the anguish which looked out of her unseeing eyes.

"How long?" the girl whispered, as she lifted her drooping head, and once more raised her piteous glance to the old man's kindly sorrowful face.

Vague as the question was, he understood it.

"A few hours," he answered gently.

"A few hours?" Bell repeated, in a tone of incredulous anguish. "Oh, no, it is impossible; she will recover!" she continued passionately. "She has been ill, you say, very ill, but she has recovered. A few hours ago she was well, it cannot be that in a few hours she——"

Her voice failed her, the beautiful dark eyes looked up at him beseechingly, as if she implored him to retract his words.

"In a few hours she will be at rest," he replied gently and gravely. "My child, if you love her—and I know you do—you cannot wish to prolong her life. Think how she has suffered!"

"Ah!"

The monosyllable fell from the girl's lips like a little cry of pain, as she felt the truth of his words, and recalled that agony of pain before which all her love and tenderness felt so helpless.

With a gesture of passionate pain she covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out that haunting vision of the prostrate, white-clad form, the beautiful death-like face upturned upon her arm. No, he was right; if she loved Pauline, how could she wish to prolong a life which was but another name for suffering?

She lifted her head with a patient endurance which seemed to the kind physician even more pathetic than her passionate grief.

"Can we do nothing for her?" she said faintly. "Are you going to stay, doctor?"

"I cannot now, my child," he said sorrowfully. "I have an important case which will take me away for an hour or two. I will return as soon as I can. There is nothing to be done, Mrs. Fane knows what medicine to give her. Don't distress her. Whatever she wishes let her have. Any further distress would be fatal at once. I need not warn you."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Bell said with a caught breath.

Then the kind old man gently released her hands, and with a few words of sympathy which she scarcely understood, he hurried away to the patient whom his skill and experience might serve; here they were powerless to assist or even alleviate.

For a few moments Bell stood where he had left her, stunned and bewildered with her pain, then she raised her drooping head and, moving with a slow, faltering step, turned towards the drawing-room. There would be time enough, she thought to herself bitterly, to spare for grief when those few hours had elapsed, after which the whole world would be empty to her.

Dorcas, sitting by the couch, looked up as the girl came in, and read the doctor's hopeless verdict on her face. She had known what it would be already, for she had watched Pauline's mother fade and die of the same cruel malady, and her heart was heavy and sore within her.

Mabel did not speak to her, her eyes had gone straight to the couch, and as they rested there a sudden and terrible thought made her raise both her hands and cover her eyes with them.

It had seemed to her excited imagination, always vivid, and wrought upon so strongly by the events of the last few hours, that the prostrate form there looked like that of a woman suddenly and cruelly murdered, struck down in the midst of her life, and strength, and beauty, by a foul and treacherous blow. For a minute the thought overwhelmed her, then she hurried forward and dropped on her knees beside the couch.

Pauline's eyes were closed and she was breathing slowly and feebly; an expression of suffering still contracted her delicately marked brows, and tightened her lips; there was not the faintest color in her face, as she lay, save for that feeble breathing, like a dead thing.

Loving her as she did, with a passion which had increased a hundred-fold during the last few hours, Bell felt that she could not wish her life prolonged, if returning strength should bring with it a repetition of the awful suffering she had witnessed. Yet to lose her thus—the one dear sister and friend the world held for her—to lose her through some terrible unknown shock, some cruel fatality, added materially to her most natural grief, and gave it yet a keener sting.

What was this shock? Whose was the treacherous hand which had laid her low? What had darkened and destroyed the pure, sweet life which should have been so happy?

Kneeling beside the couch, Bell tried to think calmly and consecutively, but she failed. She could only recall that awful paroxysm of suffering which had impressed her with such cruel vividness.

She saw again the slender, white-clad form, with its restless hands and uncertain movements, pacing the room; she looked once more upon the unseeing, anguished look of the violet eyes which had met hers with a smile in their depths so short a time before; she felt again the dead weight of the sinking, swooning figure in her arms, the labored throbs of the bursting heart, which would beat for so short a time longer now; and once more it seemed to her that her sister looked like a murdered woman, struck suddenly down in the midst of a happy life.

A gentle touch upon her shoulder roused her; she looked up with a start. Dorcas had left the room and had returned with a glass of wine, which she held to Bell's lips. The girl turned from it with a shudder.

"I do not need it," she said. "Thank you, Dorcas; there is so little time that you need not fear that I shall break down."

"Drink it, my dear," Dorcas said gently. "You have had nothing all day, and you will be faint else."

Bell resisted no more; it was less trouble to obey; she drank the wine, then sank again into her former position.

A long silence ensued; the summer evening was merging into the summer night; the last gorgeous rays of the setting sun had died out of the pale, clear sky; a faint, soft, fragrant breeze came in at the open casement; the fierce heat of the day had changed to the soft cool of night; one by one the clouds came out and began to gleam softly in the cloudless sky, the smell of the honeysuckle crept softly in, heavy with its evening fragrance.

A profound stillness reigned, not only in the quiet room, but in the house. Pauline still lay motionless, with closed eyes; Bell, crouching by the couch, had taken one chill hand in hers, where it lay passive and irresponsive to the girl's passionate kisses; save for her faint breathing she might have been dead.

Presently Doctor Pearson came again, and bent tenderly over the pale form, and touched Pauline's brow and hands with professional coolness, but with a most unprofessional grief on his grave, tired face. His sorrowful silence said more to Bell than words, as he put his kind hand on her head and left her, Dorcas following him from the room.

A sense of unreality held Mabel strongly as she crouched there; the events of the past few days were all jumbled up strangely in her brain. The breaking-up party, the voyage in the "Baron Osy;" Mr. Clark; London, with its noise and bustle; the handsome, fair-haired man, with whom she had talked so freely in her happiness—his face especially seemed to haunt her with strange persistency; her first glimpse of Pauline, standing, tall and lovely and queenlike in her white gown, on the platform, smiling her sweet welcome; the beautiful blush which had made her loveliness almost startling, as she had said that she was so happy that it was no wonder she looked well, and the brilliant smile of perfect happiness with which she had nodded her farewell as she left Mabel's room. And then, it seemed as if a cold hand gripped Bell's heart as she remembered her sister's face when she saw it next —pallid, deathlike, with anguished eyes, as she, Bell, lifted her drooping, fainting head from the table; and then, like a flash, the doctor's words returned to her. She sprang to her feet with a low, suppressed exclamation.

"The letter!"

The unreal feeling faded now; all her faculties were alive and keen. She remembered once more that Pauline had caught up a letter, which she, Bell, had left unnoticed by the table; that she had held it in her hands, pressed to her heart, all through that terrible delirious agony; that letter, Doctor Pearson thought, had held the fatal news which had broken the girl's heart!

Where was it now?

With tender hands, Bell moved the loose, soft folds of her sister's gown, and lifted the faint hands which lay so helplessly by her side, but with no success; there was no letter, no paper there.

She ran to the window, near which they had stood, a white object was lying there in the dim light, but it was not that for which she sought; it was her own handkerchief, with her name fantastically embroidered in the corner by Pauline's deft fingers.

A great sob rose in her throat as she snatched it up and pressed it to her lips, and hurrying back to the couch, she again sought among the folds of her sister's gown, and about her pillows, for the fatal letter. She was too intent to heed Dorcas Fane's quiet entrance, and the first intimation of her presence was conveyed by the touch of the woman's hand upon her arm.

"You want the letter, Miss Bell?" she said, in a curiously muffled tone, as if she carefully repressed and subdued every sign of emotion. "Here it is, my dear. Aye, you may well look at it with horror, for—" her voice broke, the angry glitter in her eyes was dimmed by sudden, irrepressible tears—"it killed her!"

CHAPTER V.

FOR a moment Bell gazed at the paper Dorcas offered her, without making any movement to take it from her; then, with a sickening thrill of apprehension, she held out her shaking fingers, and Mrs. Fane put in them the letter which had fallen from Pauline's nerveless hand; but even while she held it she hesitated, and her face was as colorless as Pauline's own.

Dorcas had brought a lamp into the room, and placed it on a little table at the

head of the couch, so that its light should fall upon the pallid face, without distressing the failing eyes if they were opened; but Mabel moved away to the window, she could not bear to open the letter and read it beside the woman who was dying, in all probability, from its cruel words.

Standing there by the open window, in the faint light of the summer moon, she read those words; and Dorcas Fane, watching her closely, saw how her face changed and her eyes grew dark to blackness with anger and pain.

For awhile she stood there motionless and pale as the dying girl herself, a slight, white figure in the fading light, then Dorcas, still watching her closely, saw her lips tighten and grow almost cruel in their rigidity; the little hands clench over the paper until the knuckles gleamed white through the delicate skin; the beautiful dark brows meet in a frown which changed her entire face and made it strangely stern.

A few minutes ago it had been a girl's face, childlike even in its sorrow, but now it was the face of a woman, strong, resolute, and with a cruel glitter in her eyes, and hands clenched as if they held a weapon to avenge her sister's wrong.

For a brief space she stood thus, then she opened her clenched fingers, and smoothing out the paper she read it once more through slowly and deliberately. With the same quiet slowness of manner she left the window, and crossing the room unlocked a writing table which stood there, put in the letter, and closed and locked the secretaire. Then, slowly still, she came back to the sofa.

"You read it, Dorcas?" she questioned calmly.

"Yes, Miss Bell."

"You remember its contents?"

Dorcas smiled; it was a bitter, sorrowful smile, sadder than tears.

"I shall not forget them, Miss Bell," she answered quietly.

"When you do, come to me and I will remind you," the girl said steadily, then sank upon her knees by the couch. "Oh, my darling, my darling, we will avenge you!" she murmured.

And low as the words were spoken, they sounded like a vow to the only person who heard them, and who echoed them in her inmost heart with as deep a resolve as that in which they had been uttered.

An hour passed, the short summer night was creeping on towards dawn, when Pauline's eyes opened slowly, and languidly rested on her sister's face. Every shade of anger had faded from Bell's eyes as they answered that look; only tenderest love and pity dwelt on the face which so short a time before had been so stern.

"Is it you, Bell?" murmured the pale lips. "I was dreaming of Geoff—I thought he was here with me."

"Only I am here, and Dorcas, my darling," Bell whispered with white lips.

"My darling!" repeated Pauline after her, with the wraith of a smile; "he calls me that."

Bell's eyes met Dorcas' across the sofa significantly; Pauline had forgotten and in oblivion was mercy.

"Have I been ill?" the dying girl murmured feebly. "Why am I lying here? Bell, this is the drawing-room, is it not?"

"You were a little faint, dear," Bell answered, trying to speak calmly, while Dorcas held the restorative Doctor Pearson had left to Pauline's white lips. "You are better now."

"Yes, better, but so weak, Bell!"

She made a futile attempt to lift herself from the pillows. Bell hastened to support her, and with Mrs. Fane's assistance managed to raise her in her arms. She looked languidly and wonderingly around the room.

"Is it night?" she said in a faint voice, which was scarcely audible.

"Yes, dearest."

"Dearest!" she repeated, with another feeble smile. "Bell, take me to the window, the air will make me well, it always does."

"Had you not better rest, Lina?" Mabel said tenderly, glancing despairingly across at Dorcas. "The movement may make you faint again."

"No, no; take me to the window," she murmured; "help me, I can walk."

She moved restlessly about her couch, and with a sign to Dorcas that she must be obeyed, Bell raised her. She was utterly helpless, but her form was so slight that it was easy for the two women to move her to a low seat by the window, although the effort, slight as it was, was too great for her weakness.

She fainted on her sister's shoulder, and it required all Dorcas Fane's efforts to restore her to consciousness.

"Geoff," she moaned faintly, as her senses came slowly back; "are you with me?"

"Darling, I am here," whispered Bell; but the failing ears had lost their power, for the dying girl went on dreamily:

"It is so pleasant in the woods, Geoff; is not it? Just you and I, and the birds and squirrels, and the shade of the trees is so grateful after the hot road; one fancies, too, that one can smell the roses. You do not like roses, Geoff, do you? How strange that seems!"

There was a faint, shadowy smile about her pale lips, a fading radiance in her dying eyes, some last gleams of her dying beauty lingered upon her face, her golden hair fell around her like a shining veil. She had raised her head a little, and was looking with unconscious eyes at the fair, old-fashioned garden through which she would never wander more, and from whence the fragrance of the roses came.

If less terrible than her wild passion of pain, and less awesome than the long stupor which had succeeded it, there was a pathos about her condition now which was even more heartrending to witness. So weak that her sister and her faithful nurse had to support her failing, nerveless limbs, lest she should fall.

She fancied herself strong and well, wandering in the woods with the lover who had killed her. With sight so dim that she could not recognize the beloved face so near her own, she thought she saw—as perhaps she did see in her dying vision—the face still more dear of the man who had betrayed her, and in a voice, so low as to be scarcely audible, she was talking to him of the birds and flowers and sunshine, which she was leaving for ever.

No wonder that the sister who loved her, and had witnessed the agony of the last few hours, could have cried out aloud for vengeance on the cruel hand and treacherous heart which had destroyed this fair and gracious life; yet, even in her sorrow, Bell was grateful for the mercy which had blotted out the dying girl's recollection of the letter which had stabbed her to the heart.

"Do you remember the song you were were singing the day I met you first," went on the faint tones. "'She is coming, my own, my sweet!' You said it was prophetic, do you remember?

"'And the stars shall fall,
And the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her,
My Queen.'"

Oh, how pitiful it was to hear her recall those happy moments of the love-dream which had been so brief and evanescent, yet for which she had given her life; almost more pitiful, Bell thought wildly, than her silence or her despair.

"And Bell is coming," she went on, yet more feebly. "You will like her, Geoff; she is so pretty and bright. And artists like you admire such beauty as hers. Like me? No, she is not a bit like me! Oh, yes, as pretty—quite as pretty!"

Then, in a tone which, feeble though it was, was gently reproachful, continued:

"Not tell her, Geoff! Not tell her of our love! Oh, Geoff, you do love me? You are not ashamed of loving me? Your love is my life, Geoff, for I love you. Is it not growing cold?" she went on, her beautiful head drooping forward in her weakness. "Geoff, hold me; I am falling. It is so cold."

The falling form sank yet more heavily into the supporting arms; the death-dews were gathering thickly on her brow; the films of death were dimming the beautiful eyes.

"Your love is my life, Geoff," she said faintly. "If you were to leave me, I shall ——"

She paused abruptly.

Looking at her in terror, Bell saw her eyes open wide with an expression of horror, her hands began to beat the air. Bell's heart grew chill in a terrible dread that remembrance was returning. Oh, that death would be merciful to her and to them, and spare them that.

For a moment there was a dead silence, then, with a sudden effort of her failing strength, Pauline Stanley rose to her feet, holding out her arms in agony of supplication.

"If you leave me, I shall die!" she said shrilly, in a hoarse, terrible voice. "And—there was a letter—a letter—ah!"

Bell's eyes met Dorcas Fane's in a quick look of terrified dismay.

"Miss Lina, darling, rest," the nurse said piteously, trying to surround the convulsed form with her arms, but the dying girl stood erect, looking wildly before her with awful, staring eyes.

"The letter!" she repeated in the same awful voice. "He has left me! He never loved me—never—never——"

She swayed backwards and fell panting, gasping, swooning into their arms. There was a look of supreme agony in her face; her hands fluttered feebly about her heart, as if some terrible pain there made itself felt; her brow, as Bell stooped her cheek upon it, was cold as ice, and the fluttering hands ceased.

They put her gently upon the low chair, and as they laid her back on the cushions her eyes closed, a long shudder shook her from head to foot. Bell leaned over her in agony.

"Pauline, darling, speak to me!" she said wildly.

The heavy lids were partly lifted, the pale lips moved.

"My heart!" Pauline whispered faintly. "Stabbed to the heart!"

They were the last words she uttered. The two women who loved her so well and who had suffered so cruelly in her anguish, saw the look of agony fade from the beautiful, upturned face on which the light of the eastern sky rested tenderly, and as it gave place to peace, her hands lay cold and still in theirs, they knew that in that moment her heart had ceased to beat, and that Pauline Stanley had floated "from life across the Sea of Death—Home!"

Beyond the window all nature was awakening in joy and brightness; the day was dawning in the east, the glad, early summer dawn; the birds were singing; the roses were lifting their heavy, dew-laden heads, and within the quiet room, with the light of the new-born day resting on her face, Pauline lay dead.

"Oh, my darling!" sobbed Dorcas wildly, "what have I to live for, now that you are gone?"

Quietly, sternly, unfalteringly the answer came in Mabel's low, strained voice.

"Live for what shall be the one motive of life for me, Dorcas! For that sweetness of revenge which shall deaden all the bitterness of our grief!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRESS COAT.—Every part of the dress coat has a reason for its peculiarity of shape. The apparently foolish nick or slit at the junction of the collar and facings on each side dates from the time when men rode a great deal, and the coat collar had to be frequently turned up and the chest buttoned closely over to meet the severity of sudden storms. A division was made on each side of the collar to permit this to be done, and the present useless slit is the survival of this very needful provision. Not even the buttons which adorn the small of one's back are mere vain ornament. In or about the year 1760 it began to be the custom to gather in at the waist the sack-like coat of the period. This was done by means of two buttons sown on over the hips, which were attached to loops set on at the edge of the coat. Then, as waists became a permanent fashion, the loops were disused, and the buttons, instead of being discarded, were simply moved a little further back; here they attained to a new usefulness in supporting the sword belt. Now that sword belts are no longer worn, these two buttons seem merely a meaningless excrescence.

A PLEA OF INSANITY.—"Many years ago," relates an old lawyer, "I was defending a prisoner for horse-stealing, and, seeing no other means of defending him in the circumstances, I set up the plea of insanity. I argued it at length, read many extracts from works on medical jurisprudence, and had the patient attention of the Court. The prosecuting counsel did not attempt to reply to my argument or controvert my authorities; I seemed to have things my own way, and whispered to the prisoner that he needn't be uneasy. Then came the Judge's charge, in which he reminded the jury there was no dispute between counsel as to the facts of the case. Indeed, there could not have been, for several witnesses had sworn positively that they saw my client steal the horse. 'But,' concluded the Court, 'the plea of insanity has been set up, and I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, that it should receive your very grave and serious deliberation; but I must be allowed to say, gentlemen, that, upon a review of the whole case, I can discover no evidence of insanity on the part of the prisoner, except, perhaps, in the selection of his counsel.'"

"Yes," said Algernon to the young lady with whom he was chatting, "it is useless to complain at what can't be helped. Man proposes and God disposes." "As to the latter part of the remark," she replied, "I am not prepared to speak; but as to the first part I think that some do and some do not."

Bric-a-Brac.

PRECIOUS STONES.—Among the Moors rubies and emeralds, generally uncut, are worn set in finger-rings and huge ear-rings, and necklaces of amber and coral are also prized. The Moors consider that the risk of fraud by imitation is lessened by not having precious stones submitted to the art of the lapidary. This taste for keeping gems in the rough also prevails among many of the Indian princes.

CATCHING MONKEYS.—The propensity of the monkey to retain whatever he grasps is often taken advantage of to capture him in India. Two large bunches of plantains are put into two narrow-necked jars, and placed where they will attract his attention. He eagerly seizes the plantains, but soon finds that he cannot extricate his hand, yet will not let go his hold, and will endeavor to make his escape with the jars and their contents, but at a very slow pace, as, both his hands being thus secured, he is obliged to shuffle along in an erect posture. When pursued, he will still maintain his hold, screaming, grinning and chattering until he is secured by throwing a noose over his head.

THE SCORE.—The survival of the practice of counting sheep by the score in some districts illustrates an ancient Celtic way of counting by twenties. In England a farmer who wishes to number a flock of sheep, does so by first counting out twenty; the counting itself being often done, not by the ordinary numerals, one, two, three, four, but by the old half-Celtic "rhyming score," "Eena, deena, dina, dus, Catla, weela, wella, wuss," and so forth, up to twenty. Then he makes a nick in a piece of wood, and begins his rhyming singsong over again. Thus he counts score after score, till he reaches at last the full number. A tally in its origin was pretty much the same thing as a score, but it grows at last by usage and the courtesy of language into something rather different. It means in the final resort a piece of wood *taille*—that is to say, cut, nicked or scored.

CABMEN'S NOTIONS.—Says one who has been amongst cabmen a great deal, "a cat crossing in front of a 'night-hawk's' outfit is considered bad enough to dwarf the whole night's business; but a white cat means utter demoralization for the night. Some Jehus immediately begin to drink in order that they may forget the apparition of the white cat. A driver of an all-night hack never puts his left foot on the wheel first in getting on the box, because he thinks it bad luck; and nothing can induce him to open the door of his cab or carriage with his left hand. If a shoe becomes loose on one of his horse's feet, that's a bad omen, and causes the driver to believe that some bad luck is in store for him. When the moon is shining brightly, and a dark cloud suddenly hides it from view and causes darkness to settle on the streets, the 'hawk' grows suspicious. If his first passenger happens to be a drunken man with torn umbrella, that is considered good luck, and a sign that rain will be plentiful and business good. Some will not eat during the night, lest it bring bad luck; others believe that the lighted stump of a cigar, picked up after it has been thrown away by a well-dressed man and quickly smoked, brings good luck.

"MYSTERIES."—It appears that pilgrims introduced these devout spectacles into Europe. Those who returned from the Holy Land or other consecrated places composed canticles of their travels, and amused their religious fancies by interweaving scenes of which Christ, the Apostles, and other objects of devotion, served as the themes. These pilgrims traveled in troops, and stood in the public streets, where they recited their poems, with their staff in hand; while their chaplets and cloaks, covered with shells and images of various colors, formed a picturesque exhibition which at length excited the piety of the citizens to erect occasionally a stage on an extensive spot of ground. These spectacles served as the amusement and instruction of the people. So attractive were these gross exhibitions in the dark ages, that they formed one of the principal ornaments of the reception which was given to princes when they entered towns. When the Mysteries were performed at a more improved period, the actors were distinguished characters, and frequently consisted of the ecclesiastics of the neighboring villages, who incorporated themselves under various titles. Their productions were divided, not into acts, but into different days of performance, and they were performed in the open plain.

Trust in God and mind your own business

TWO ROSES.

BY MAUD E. SARGENT.

I gathered a rose for my darling
When the Spring had passed away,
And roses white and crimson
Bloomed on a Summer day.

Amid her golden tresses
She twined the snowy flow'r,
To deck her radiant beauty
For one sweet Summer hour.

But the white rose petals faded—
Their beauty soon was fled—
And I took with careful fingers
The flow'r from the golden head.

And I hid the faded blossom
Deep in a treasured store—
Ah, it brings me oft a vision
Of a days that are no more!

I gathered a rose for my darling
When the Summer flow'rs were past,
And down from the dry sere branches
The withered leaves fell fast—

The last of all the roses,
Crimson and white and red,
To twine in the gleaming tresses
Of lifeless golden head.

The snowy blossoms rested
Above a brow as pale,
And the long hair flowed about her
Like a gleaming golden veil.

She faded and sank like the flowers
Into a dreamless sleep;
And still at the sight of a withered rose
I never fail to weep.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

INDEED quite a little party of people came round the corner, Mrs. Scarlett, Mrs. Verulam, Dameron, Kitts, and one or two others.

They all gave vent to small expressions or glances of mild surprise when they saw Savage, whose home was some miles away, and who on the present occasion had omitted to say, "How d'ye do?" to his hostess.

"I say, Savage, this is very artful of you!" cried Mr. Kitts, who spent the best portion of his life going about and saying such things as he ought not to say.

Savage looked darkly on him, but the rest laughed.

"Where is Sir George?" asked Mrs. Verulam impulsively.

"He was not in good spirits, I think," said Marvel, with a soft intelligent smile at her. "I am sure he wanted to be alone, because the moment he and I met Mr. Savage he made a little inconsequent excuse and went away."

Mr. Dameron stooped and brushed an infinitesimal speck of dust off his boot. Really she was too delicious!

"Dear Sir George! He is so good, so obliging," said Mrs. Scarlett, in her indolent way—"the best-hearted person I really know!"

"I entirely agree with you so far; but I really fail to understand where his good nature came in here," said Mrs. Verulam frigidly.

"No! Do you?" cried Mr. Kitts gaily. "Why, there is trumpery! Don't you see—eh!"

"In the present case I do not see," said Mrs. Verulam, directing a glance at him that would have withered any one else, but bounded off him harmlessly.

"Why, look here," he was beginning, secure in the fact that Marvel's attention was engaged, when Dameron providentially struck in and saved him.

"The situation grows serious," he said. "Let us forget everything but this mysterious disappearance of the real live Baronet. An hour ago Sir George was amongst us, hale and hearty. At this moment who shall say where he is?"

"I know!" piped a shrill little voice from apparently nowhere.

Mr. Kitts gave a dramatic start; and Dameron glanced with much emotion at Mrs. Verulam.

"He did not speak so small when in the flesh," he said, in a subdued whisper.

Mrs. Verulam laughed.

"Is that you, my ducky?" cried she; and then a small, rather dishevelled, but lovely creature pushed her way through a hole in the tall evergreen hedge near to which they were standing.

It was Mrs. Verulam's daughter, as one needed only to look at her to know. She ran to her mother, and twined her arms round her waist.

"I saw him," she said; "and I told him he mustn't go. But he said he must. And he kissed me, and asked me if I loved him. And I said 'Yes,' but not so much as I loved my mammy. He was sorry about something, I think. What was it, mammy?"

"Because you couldn't love him enough perhaps," said Mrs. Verulam, laughing. "Oh, you bad Mouse! See now what you have done to poor Sir George!"

She blushed a little as she spoke; but that was the only sign of grace about her.

"I fancy we ought to be thinking of changing our gowns," she said presently, with a faint yawn. "Dinner will have to be gone through, I suppose. You will stay and dine, Nigel?"

"Thank you. It did suggest itself to me that you might ask me, so I brought my things," replied he. "Somehow I look for a welcome from you."

"Take care you don't look in vain some day," said she in a low tone, with a meaning glance at Marvel. "You must not carry that too far. I could"—with a slight smile—"be unforgiving."

"You mean——"

"Yes; that is exactly what I do mean," interrupted she impatiently. "I am not going to have matters made unpleasant for her."

"Believe me, you credit me with more power than I possess," said he; "I could not make things pleasant or unpleasant for her. She is supremely indifferent. That is perhaps, at least, I have been supposing so—her principal charm."

Yet perhaps he hardly believed that honestly, or else the charm of indifference he had ascribed to her was so strong as to draw him to her side day after day.

There was always the excuse of a house full of guests being an attraction; but, when he did come to Grangemore, it was as though no one was there but Marvel—he at least appeared to see no one else, and Marvel, for her part, seemed very content to accept the trifling and apparently harmless attentions he showered on her.

Mrs. Verulam was secretly uneasy about it, Marvel being in a measure in her charge—her sister-in-law was openly amused.

Mrs. Scarlett now and then dropped a little caustic word or two, and was plainly watching with a rather malicious delight the turn that events were taking.

As for all the others, they took it as part of the several amusements; and Marvel alone was supremely unconscious.

Several times Mrs. Verulam had made up her mind to speak to her, but somehow had always shrunk from it—for one thing, the girl herself was so utterly ignorant of any thought of wrong-doing; and, for another, there was always the possibility that she might be accused of jealousy.

All the men in the house were very attentive to Marvel, as well as those out of it who were in the habit of calling—noticeably Savage and Sir George Townshend.

Few of her guests had forgotten that old tale of Sir George's rejection two years before, and, as no woman likes to be forsaken even by a rejected lover, they might easily attribute an attempt on her part to check Marvel's so-called flirtation with Savage to a determination to check her in other quarters as well.

It was cowardly, she felt, but she could not as yet bring herself to warn Marvel of the chance she was running of getting into the merciless mouth of society.

It was rather a dull afternoon, and rain had been falling off and on all day. There was a suspicion of thunder in the air, and the heat was of the oppressive kind that affects the nerves.

Savage and Sir George had ridden over early in the morning, and had stayed to luncheon; and there had been an attempt at billiard-playing afterwards.

Mrs. Verulam, with her mind full of unsolved puzzles, had tired a little of all the chatter, and had stolen away from her guests to try to get an hour's quiet and a breath of that faint breeze that the evening was bringing in its train.

She went into the smaller drawing-room, which also opened on to the balcony, and, seating herself on the broad window-sill, leaned her head against the woodwork next to her.

It was horrid weather, she told herself, and she was feeling out of sorts. They had been making such a row in that billiard-room, really Lucy ought to have been a barmaid rather than a Countess.

And as for Mrs. Geraint, call her a pootess? Really Marvel was the only lady amongst them.

Which of them was it had said Sir George was decidedly taken there? Mrs. Scarlett of course; she was mad with jealousy; that woman. Well, thank goodness, no one could accuse her of that petty vice!

She was growing decidedly self-righteous when something occurred that knocked virtue and everything else out of her head.

It was the flying of some heavy body through the window, and apparently just past her nose.

When she had sufficiently recovered from the shock it caused her to look up again, she made the discovery that it was Sir George Townshend who had thus been shot through the window to her feet.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," cried he, evidently in a terrible fright; "but it was all that confounded curtain! I caught my foot in it. I have not hurt you, have I?"

There was such unmistakable solicitude in his tone that her spirits rose.

"No—by a lucky chance. The eighth part of an inch nearer and I should have been annihilated. No great harm, I daresay you think. Well, now you have come, sit down and talk to me for a little bit."

"So sorry, but really I haven't a moment to lose."

"Not even one to me? What nonsense! Here"—patting the seat beside her—"I am so old a friend that it is your duty to stay with me when I desire your company."

"Once before you desired it; it was on just such a day as this"—looking out at the murky clouds that dulled the heavens. "'Stay,' you said. But afterwards I found I had stayed too long."

This remembrance of his pleased her. He did recollect then—he sometimes looked back.

"What's the good of having a parson," she said saucily, "if you won't take to heart his preachings? You know it is wicked to bear malice, don't you? Come—sit down here, and let us gossip a while."

"Quarrel rather—that would be the old story. "No, I can't!"

He drew himself up with quite a Spartan air of determination.

"I've dawdled away all my afternoon, and I shall miss the post if I stay longer. There is just one word I wish to say to Lady Wriothesley, and then——"

"Oh, if that is it," said she patiently, "why, go! I do believe you are in love with Lady Wriothesley, like all the rest of the world!"

This burst of ill-temper seemed to give Sir George intense satisfaction.

"She is very charming," he said pensively.

"So I hear morning, noon, and night, on all sides. I am quite tired of listening to that and every other laudatory word in the vocabulary applied to her. But don't flatter yourself that she cares for your opinion, good or ill. She is a cold little thing—she thinks of none of you."

"Other people are cold too—and at least as kind!"

"Have you considered, my good friend," exclaimed she sharply, "that the coast is not clear for you? She is already appropriated, this marvellous creature! She has attached to her that awkward impediment, a husband."

"You speak only the distasteful truth," said he gloomily.

"And, when he returns and finds you dangling after her, how then?"

"He may never come back," said Sir George, in a sepulchral tone, though his heart was beating more merrily than it had done for many a day.

"Ah—so that is what you hope for! Is that your little game? You think he will be killed—murdered perhaps?" cried she scornfully.

"Truly, from all I have read and heard, life is not held of much account where he now is," returned Sir George mildly.

"Talk of savages!" said she, in high disgust. "One need not, it seems to me, go far from home to find them."

"One needn't go at all. The last representative of that illustrious race is at present in your drawing-room."

"Pooh! You know what I mean. It was a most cold-blooded speech. To wish a man murdered! I wouldn't have believed it of you. It only shows how one may be deceived even in one's most intimate acquaintances."

"One may indeed"—with a steadlook at her that made her lower her eyes for a moment.

"Your pretence of misunderstanding me," she said presently, "has recalled to my mind Nigel Savage. Have you considered you have a formidable rival there?"

"No; for, as you say, she is cold to all alike."

"Well, I am at my wits' end about him!" exclaimed she, forgetting everything else in her real anxiety about Marvel. "He follows her about all day as if he were her lapdog, and she never seems to think it necessary to give him a hint that it won't do. She is either very foolish or very——"

"Innocent," suggested Townshend.

"You support her, of course!"—pettishly. "Well, and you are right too. She is innocent—the very incarnation of innocence; but all that will not prevent a regular imbroglio when Wriothesley comes home."

"Is he thinking of coming?"

"Who can ever tell what a man is thinking about? Just the last thing he says, you may be sure! Oh, you may rest tranquil so far! He is not coming yet, at all events. When he is, I am so far your friend that I will give you timely warning of that unwished-for event."

"You were never my friend," he said. "It is unlikely you will become so in the future."

"Stranger things have happened. And"—with a swift glance at him—"perhaps I was your kindest friend; who knows? But, to return to certainties and Nigel, I may as well tell you I am growing seriously uneasy about his misguided attentions. They are so open, so undisguised, that one feels quite a difficulty about taking notice of them; and yet I must do something. There is Mrs. Scarlett; she will make mischief if she can; and I suppose she will be at Wriothesley's ear when he does return, unless she is gathered to her fathers—if she ever had any. And there is no such luck in store for us, I fear. She hates Marvel very honestly; and you know how simple a thing it is to whisper away a reputation, and how impossible to whistle it back. And, besides——"

"In Heaven's name, then, why don't you write to your cousin—to Wriothesley?" exclaimed Sir George, in much agitation. He dropped his pince-nez, a sure sign of mental disturbance with him, and began to pace excitedly up and down the balcony.

"What the deuce," he said indignantly—"the fellow should be commanded to come home! It is disgraceful that he should leave that poor child without protection of any sort. He must be mad to do it. Write to him without delay, and point out to him his duty, if he doesn't know it."

"And so spoil your chance of marrying his widow! Oh, no, I couldn't do it!" said Mrs. Verulam, with mournful conviction.

Then she caught his eye, and burst out laughing.

"After all, you were foolish to attempt it," she said. "You are but a very inferior actor when all is told. Was ever lover yet desirous of the husband's return? Go—study your part afresh; you have not caught the spirit of it."

"The spirit of what? Part to study! Why should I act a part?"

"To make me jealous!" cried she audaciously.

She was a little sorry when she had said it. His face changed.

"You go too far," he said, in a tone that assured her he was now seriously angry. "A coquette you are, I know, but that you should be altogether heartless! Leave me at least my respect for you."

Mrs. Verulam grew angry in her turn.

"I don't want people to respect me when they hate me," she said, with a pretty petulance.

She was indeed, as he had said, a born coquette; and through all her anger she knew that this was the sort of speech to subdue and soften him and allay his just wrath.

"I hate you—I?" he began vehemently; but she cut him short.

"What does it matter? It is not of my wrongs I wish to speak," she said, sighing heavily, as though remembering, even whilst she forgave him, the cruel manner in which he had just maligned her. "It is of Marvel. I hardly know what to do about her. In the end it is on my shoulders the blame will fall, if there is any; and I greatly fear me there will be fire to this smoke. Yet how can I forbid my house to Nigel or"—with a reproachful glance at him—"to you?"

"To me you certainly can," said he abruptly. "You have only to say the word, and I leave it now and forever. I was mad to return to it."

She hesitated, having in a degree lost her composure; and he held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Oh, but not just yet! Consider! How am I to get on with my Sketches in Spain without you? You would not desert me at the most critical moment, would you? And I shall never give them the final touch unless you are near me now and then to compel me to work. Besides—— Bless me," cried she suddenly, as a little clock somewhere in the distance tinkled out the hour—"who would have believed it so late? I am afraid tea has been awaiting me in the library for the last half-hour. Come with me, do, if only to protect me from the vials of wrath that will be surely poured upon my head!"

She slipped her hand within his arm, and led him towards the door, once more her captive.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. VERULAM and Sir George Townshend were not accosted by reproaches on their entrance into the library; no withering glances met their eye—far from it. It did even occur to Mrs. Verulam that, if she had never come in, the occupants would scarcely have discovered it.

There was no pining for the longed-for tea, rather a relishing of it. Lady Lucy was wielding one tea-pot, Mrs. Geraint another; talk ran high. Mrs. Verulam stood in the door-way and looked round her.

"So glad you waited for me!" she said at last, with an irrepressible laugh.

"Oh, is that you? Come in!" cried Lady Lucy graciously. "I think there is some left"—cautiously shaking from side to side the lovely little tea-pot she held, as if listening for a sound within; "if so, you are in luck—the last cup is always the strongest."

"We waited, you know," explained Mrs. Dameron, the novelist's wife, a charming, pretty little woman without an ounce of brains, "until—until——"

"The tea proved too many for us," said Mr. Kitts, coming to the rescue. "Mrs. Verulam, I haven't had any yet—I could not, as you were not here to pour it out for me."

"Well, I'm not going to do it now," she said, settling herself comfy into a huge chair. "As the reins of government have slipped through my fingers—as I am dethroned—I shall expect to be waited upon and taken care of, for this night at all events."

"Am I to do all the waiting and caring?" asked Kitts. "All by myself? What joy! What triumph!"

He tripped over a stool as he spoke, and fell into her lap.

"Dear me! Bless me! What the deuce?" ejaculated he, as he scrambled up again.

"Thanks. I don't believe I should enjoy being cared for or waited upon," said Mrs. Verulam rather indignantly, "if that's a specimen of your style. Get me my tea, please, and stand far away when you are handing it to me." Then suddenly: "Where is Marvel?"

She addressed the question generally, and Mrs. Scarlett took upon herself to answer it. She made a little graceful motion with her shoulders, pointed her fan towards the large curtained enclosure of the bay-window, and said, with a soft laugh:

"As usual!"

Mrs. Verulam grew on the instant furiously angry, but she managed to smile. It was impossible to mistake Mrs. Scarlett's meaning. Behind the curtains two forms could be seen, one, of course, being that of Savage.

"She is always such a quiet child," she said, "one doesn't know where to look for her."

"No?" exclaimed Mrs. Scarlett. "I should."

She laughed again, and Mrs. Dameron joined her, not seeing the freezing glance directed at her by her husband.

"Lady Wriothesley, may I get you some more tea?" said Sir George, going over to the window and deliberately pulling back the curtain.

"Oh, have you come—and Cicely?" said Marvel, with the prettiest smile of utter friendliness.

She betrayed no confusion, and made no

attempt to leave the nook she was in, but sat looking up at him with her clear lovely eyes, her hands folded on her lap in a little graceful fashion that became her and something of resignation in it.

Her whole air disarmed Sir George, who had felt inclined to be angry with her—for nothing more however than mere folly.

"Not any more tea, thank you," she said; and he dropped the curtain and went away.

"Do you know," said Savage, when he was gone, "I have never got accustomed to hear you called 'Lady Wriothesley.' I thought of you as unmarried for so long that I find a difficulty in changing your state now in my own mind."

"I suppose I didn't look much like a—well, a matron on that day?" said Marvel, who always alluded to her parting with her husband as having happened "on that day."

It was the most momentous occasion of her young life.

"No; I wish you had," said he thoughtfully. "But I was kept quite in the dark. It didn't occur to me for a moment that you were anything so severe as a married lady. It was a little unkind of you, wasn't it, to look so peculiarly unattached?"

"If I meant it."

"That is no excuse. You should have guarded against mistakes of the kind. Now that hat you wore—it was specially misguiding."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't know," said she; "because, if you had, I think you wouldn't ever have thought about me again."

The naivete of this remark amused him.

He found it difficult not to indulge in the desire for laughter which it awoke; but he did not dare do it with those large, smiling, innocent eyes looking into his.

"I don't see how that would have harmed you," he said moodily.

"Oh, Mr. Savage, what an unkind thing to say! Have I so many friends that I could afford to lose one?"

She leaned a little towards him with the sweetest reproach upon her face. He smiled.

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," he said tenderly.

"Call you what?"

"By my surname. You talk of being my friend, but there is something horribly unfriendly about that. Now 'Nigel' sounds so different. And really, considering we have known each other for considerably over a year——"

"A very barren year however," she said. "I see you to-day, let us say, for the first time; and I don't see you again for twelve months; and you then call me an old friend!"

"Why not?" said he boldly. "And, at all events, why argue about it? I hate going into things—it makes them so common. The fact remains that you are an old friend, whether our acquaintance began yesterday or in the middle ages. I don't trouble myself about the time I didn't know you—I don't seem to remember it. I only learned to live when——"

He broke off somewhat abruptly, alarmed by the somewhat astonished expression that was growing on her face.

"Let us return to our first subject," he said. "If I tell you you make me hate my surname, what then? Will it teach you to be merciful? 'Mr. Savage!' Bah! It puts my teeth on edge. And you say it so coldly too! Why not 'Nigel?'"

"If you wish it so very much"—with a glance of open surprise—"of course I will call you so. I would please you if I could in a greater matter than that. You believe me, Nigel?"

She looked at him so sweetly as she said this, so softly his name fell from her lips, that a terrible longing to take her in his arms and tell her how he loved her, to carry her away from all her dismal past, almost overpowered him.

But there is a difficulty about doing such things nowadays in a crowded room, however thick may be the curtains of the window, with the delicate tinkling sound of the china and silver and the merry laughter of the many beyond, within a foot or two of one's life's tragedy.

"Marvel!" cried Mrs. Verulam. Her voice came somewhat sharply.

"Yes!" said Marvel, parting the silken curtains to look into the room.

"Where is Lulu? Do you know? You have been so long in that window that if she passed through the gardens you must have seen her."

It was a gentle hint; but there is nothing so obtuse as perfect innocence.

"I think she did run by this window a while ago," said Marvel. "She had some bread in her hand; I think she was going to feed something. I called to her, but she would not listen."

"Wise child! Three is trumpery!" said Mrs. Scarlett, lazily stroking the tiny terrier lying in her lap.

"Lulu is hardly old enough to be as wise as you would have her," said Mrs. Verulam, with a movement of her lips that meant mischief.

Mrs. Scarlett knew that twitch well, and rose to the occasion.

"You should know," she said, with a slight accession of insolence; "we must only conclude then that Lady Wriothesley's summons was very carefully weak."

She tweaked the little terrier's ears as she spoke, and it squeaked noisily.

All this was unheard by Marvel, who was still looking into the room; but the window was at a considerable distance from the fire, round which the rest were grouped, and only the murmur of the rather subdued tones reached her ears.

She saw however Mrs. Verulam's frown, and, not being in the common secret, put it down to anxiety on the child's account.

"Are you uneasy, Cicely?" she asked, in her clear tones.

"Yes, I am uneasy," said Mrs. Verulam, with a meaning glance at her that, alas, was thrown away!

"Then let some one go and look for her!" cried Marvel, starting to her feet.

She glanced round uncertainly, and her eyes fell on Savage.

"Nigel, will you go?" she said.

An electric thrill ran through the assembly. Every one tried to look as though it were the usual thing to call a young man of a few weeks' acquaintance by his Christian name; but every one failed.

Mrs. Scarlett half closed her eyes and turned herself, with a slow disgusted gesture, rather away from the window. Mrs. Verulam felt that she would have given a good deal to be able to burst out crying; but she knew that it was impossible to give way to such fatal folly as that.

"With bread in her hand?" she said, as if musing. "That would mean the fish. Well, we must only hope that she won't fall into the carp-pond, or otherwise distinguish herself."

"Nigel, I really think you had better go," said Marvel again, in a distressed tone; whereupon the general consternation waxed greater.

"I really think he had," said Mrs. Scarlett, in a mild tone that made most present smile and reduced Mrs. Verulam to despair.

Then began what would have been a deathly silence, but that providentially at that moment the door was flung wide open, and no less a person than Miss Verulam herself was placed inside the doorway by the long-suffering woman who called herself her nurse.

She was dressed in a little white lace frock, and had a big pink sash tied round her waist.

She was evidently at enmity with her clothes; but she looked for all that "a very angel." She slipped past Mr. Kitts, who would fain have caught her, and, flinging herself bodily upon Sir George, clambered boldly into his arms. Even whilst she clambered she talked at Kitts over her friend's shoulder.

"No, I won't," she said—"I won't go to you; I'll go to my Georgie boy!"—nothing would induce her to call the dignified Sir George by any other name but that. "And I won't kiss you either—no, not for sweeties, nor for dolls, nor for anything; but I'll kiss my Georgie boy!"

She suited the action to the word, and then slipped down on to his knee and pulled out his watch; but unfortunately the fact that Sir George had not smiled when he returned her kiss had attracted her attention.

"Why don't you laugh!" she said, trying to dig up his cheeks into a risible expression with her fat little finger. "Are you sorry about something? You're always sorry now; and mammy says it is because you aren't loved enough. Is that true?"

"Fatally true!" said Sir George, with a constrained laugh.

He knew that he had changed color, and drew the child closer to him that he might hide his chagrin.

He did not dare look at Cicely with all the curious eyes in the room upon him; but, even if he could not have seen her, for she had pushed back her chair into a shadowed corner, and, with the help of a huge Japanese fan, was holding her crimson cheeks from observation.

"Very well; then I'll love you," said the little one fondly.

She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him again.

"Are you better now?" asked she anxiously.

It was impossible to be serious after that. Mr. Kitts led the way, and every one roared. Marvel came from behind her curtains, and the child, seeing her, ran to her and claimed her for her own.

"Very well, Miss Lulu—all right," said Mr. Kitts, shaking his fist at her as she stood nestled into Marvel's side. "You can behave as you think proper, of course, and so can I. You can bestow all your good gifts upon people utterly worthless"—indicating Sir George by a wave of the hand—"upon a ghoul, a feeder on human bones, a——"

"My dear Kitts!" protested Sir George mildly.

"But I can do something too. Christmas is approaching; and I know of a doll with the bluest of eyes and the yellowest of hair and the queenliest of robes which I—sha'n't give you."

"I don't care!" said Miss Verulam stoutly; but she did for all that.

By degrees she edged away from Marvel and towards Kitts, skirting ever nearer and nearer to him, and glancing at him sideways through her sunny hair, until at last she was close enough to permit of his seizing upon her bodily, when, with a great pretence at reluctance, she let herself willingly be caught.

"Do you think it is quite right to speak so to a child like that?" piped Mrs. Geraint volubly. "Even at that tender age children's perception is so clear. When I was little more than Lulu's age, I wrote my 'Ode to Mortality;' but of course all could not be expected to be so advanced. They used to say I was one in a thousand."

"One in ten thousand," said Dameron politely; adding, in a tone that reached Mrs. Verulam only, "For that at least let us be duly grateful."

"Oh, to be earnest," gasped Mrs. Geraint—"that is everything—to be intense—to think always! I hope you are in earnest?"

She addressed Mrs. Dameron, whereupon that ridiculous person giggled merrily, and shook her pretty head so hard that one readily guessed there was nothing in it.

"What for?" she asked. "To be earnest means to grow gray hairs in a hurry. They will come soon enough without beseeching them. There is Lady Wriothesley—why don't you ask her? She looks intense enough for anything. Are you in earnest, Lady Wriothesley?"

Marvel had not been attending.

"In earnest? About what?" she asked, mistaking the question.

"Everything? Oh, let us hope not!" said Mrs. Scarlett significantly. She cast a swift glance at Savage, as if to accentuate her words.

"But that is how it should be," persisted Mrs. Dameron. "I assure you, Lady Wriothesley, there is trouble in store for you if you won't attend to Mrs. Geraint's advice. She has undertaken a mission, and she desires you for a convert. She is growing quite unhappy about you; you must try to be earnest, if only to comfort her."

"Unhappy? Surely there is no occasion to be unhappy about Lady Wriothesley yet!" said Mrs. Scarlett, with a faint yawn.

"True," said Savage nonchalantly, who had come over to take her cup from her. "It would be folly to pity a being so favored!"—speaking very low.

"By you?" she asked, as if finishing his sentence. "It is an honor, no doubt, to have you at one's feet!"

She did not seek to hide the sneer that accompanied her words.

Looking at her, he wondered how it was he had ever been at her feet.

"By nature, I meant," he said.

"You do not however deny that you are her slave?"

"Why should I? Alas that I am only one amongst so many!"

He spoke lightly, but he had a shaft in his quiver for her still.

"She only wants a season in town," he said, "to have all men at her feet!"

He bowed and turned aside, smiling—not so much at his prediction as at the look of passionate mortification it had brought to her face.

"There sits a dethroned queen," he thought to himself, as he crossed the room to where Marvel, the new queen, stood.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Is he coming again this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Verulam, with an entirely false astonishment. Considering Mr. Savage had come every afternoon for the preceding three weeks without comment, it was quite a remarkable thing that she should now betray surprise at his frequent visiting.

"This afternoon?" said Marvel. The astonishment was honest this time. "I think it would be far more remarkable if he didn' come than if he did. He is always here, isn't he?"

Mrs. Verulam looked at her. If she understood, she was the calmest young woman she had ever met; if not, the sooner she did the better. It was quite early—directly after breakfast—and she had Marvel all to herself, for a wonder. The others were scattered all over the place, amusing themselves as best suited them.

"Yes, he is," said Cicely, a little tartly. "He lives here, it seems to me."

"I thought you liked him?"

"So I do, but not enough to make me blind to your interests."

This was a bold stroke, and Marvel followed it up.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked. She came over and sat down on the ottoman close by Cicely and took her hand. "You want to say something to me?" she said. "Why don't you?"

"Because it is so hard to say things," said Mrs. Verulam, feeling rather inclined to cry—"and to you of all people, because —— Look here, darling—it's horrid of me to put it into words, I know; but don't carry it too far!"

"Carry what?" asked Marvel, with the sincerest bewilderment.

"Oh, I don't think you ought to meet me like that! With me at least you might be open. If I am not your friend, Marvel, who is?"

"Who indeed?" said Lady Wriothesley, with some distress. "And, if I only knew what it was all about—why you were scolding me, I mean—I should——"

"Tell me this," said Mrs. Verulam—"or rather"—nervously—"don't tell me that—that you have any foolish fancy for Nigel Savage!"

"For Mr. Savage? Of course not!" said Marvel; she was almost too surprised to blush. "What on earth made you think that?"

"Why on earth shouldn't I think it, you mean?" said Mrs. Verulam, with a touch of impatience. "One should be blind and deaf and dumb not to think it! So you aren't in love with him?"

"Do you forget?" said Marvel, in a little hurt way that made Mrs. Verulam rather angry.

"Well, all I can say is," she exclaimed, "that, if you are as indifferent as you declare yourself, you oughtn't to flirt with him as you do!"

The murder was out now; and she waited somewhat anxiously for what Marvel would say or do next.

"Flirt with him," she said.

She grew very pale, and her large eyes were fixed on Mrs. Verulam with a certain horror in their calm depths.

"I don't know of course what you call it," said Cicely; "I suppose you have a more poetic or esthetic name for it. But, if I were to let a man sit in my pocket all day as you do, and look at me as if he longed to devour me, I know what all my dear friends and relatives would call it."

"Cicely, do you know what you are saying?"

"And who should if I shouldn't?" said the fair Cicely, driven to perfect frenzy through fear of those injured eyes fixed on hers. "I believe you, of course. I believe you as innocent of any suspicion of coquetry, or spooning, or anything, as the babe unborn. I'll even believe you don't know the man is madly in love with you. But I tell you what, my good child—when that Savage of yours—that fire-eater—they're all half mad, the Savages—perhaps I should have told you that at first—discovers one of these days that you have been meaning nothing all this while, in spite of your rapt looks and your baby poses, he will slay you alive. When that hour comes, I honestly confess I wouldn't be you for a round crown. He won't leave so much as a bone of you to tell the tale."

"I wish you would't speak to me like that," said Marvel. "It is hateful of you—it is wicked!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Mrs. Verulam. "I'm not Nigel, so you need not waste powder on me. You are angelic with those tears in your eyes, I know; but——"

Here she paused and changed her tone completely.

"Well, you are a pretty thing," she said, with heartfelt admiration. "I declare I don't blame any man for making a thorough fool of himself about you. It is the greatest pity I know that you are tied to that abominable cousin of mine, or you might make the biggest match of the year."

"I don't want to make any match; and I don't wish to be accused of—of encouraging any one," said Marvel, still very white. "I know you mean that Mr. Savage is in love with me; but it is not true—it is false, false!"—with a little irrepressible stamp of her foot. "Oh, how could you think that, Cicely—you, my friend? It was cruel of you!"

"It was not," said Cicely quickly; "it was the most natural thing, you mean. And of course, if you don't care for him, no more need be said about it. But it was my duty to warn you. Bad as Fulke is proving himself to be, careless as he is, I should not like, when he left you in my care, to—to be told by him on his return that I had failed in the trust he had reposed in me. I have been very unhappy for a long time, and I spoke just now only for your good. If you are going to be angry with me for speaking, it will be unjust and ungenerous of you!"

"I would not be that," said Marvel, large drops standing warm within her eyes.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Verulam, taking her hand—"in spite of all that has happened—all that you know—do you still love your husband?"

"How can I answer you?" said Marvel tremulously. "Of love—the love of which you speak—I knew nothing until I came to you and mixed with your world. Now I know that something more is required to make life perfect that the calm, childish, unreasoning affection I had for Fulke when I married him."

She stopped, and Mrs. Verulam pressed her hand.

"Tell me all," she entreated. "Have you ever thought whether this stronger affection that you speak of is also given to Wriothesley?"

"How can I be sure?" said the girl mournfully. "I don't know, but I love no other man."

"Well, that's a satisfaction, at all events!" said Mrs. Verulam briskly. "But, for all that—and indeed especially because of that—you should be careful. When Fulke returns, you would not like him to hear little ill-natured tales of you; and there are so many evil tongues in the world!"

"You mean Mrs. Scarlett," said Marvel, who was always terribly downright. "Yes; I know I must expect only enmity from her."

"I hope you are not angry with me for speaking to you, Marvel?"

"Angry? No. I am glad you told me; it is well, I suppose, to know the evil things that are being said of one."

"Don't speak like that, and don't look so down on your luck. Just be a little careful, and no one can daresay a word—not even that viper in petticoats, Leonie Scarlett. Come, cheer up, or they will all think I have been scolding you."

"Well, so you have."

"Not a bit of it. I should not dare to scold your ladyship. And I want you to look your loveliest to-day, as half the county is coming to tennis in the afternoon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ELEVATORS AND WALKING.—Somebody who has a genius for making calculations has figured out the fact that if one person should attempt to do the walking upstairs, which is now saved by elevators, during a single day, in New York city, it would take him three years to accomplish the task, if he walked ten hours a day without stopping. The problem is based upon the statement that there are 400 elevators in the city, each of which carries an average of 700 persons a day to an average height of sixty feet. This represents a total height of 3,181 miles if traveled by one person, which is 41,000 times as high as the great pyramid of Egypt. Probably few who read this will remember the figures, but they are useful in showing how densely populated a city must be which requires buildings ten, and even fourteen stories high for people to live and to transact business in.

THE FOUNT OF LIFE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

'Tis religion that can give
Peace to the sorrowing heart;
Smooth the rugged paths of life,
And bid each sin depart.
Come, then, and drink at the fount with me,
The crystal draught that is always free.

Its sweet and heavenly power
Was never yet denied
To those who in affliction's hour
Its healing draughts have tried.
Come, then, and drink at the fount with me,
The crystal draught that is always free.

A GOLDEN LOAD.

BY G. M. FENN.

CHAPTER X.

A PECULIAR POSITION.

THE prisoner had been sitting upon the sawdust about an hour, when the door opened again, and the two men entered, one bearing a bundle of blankets and a couple of pillows, the other a tray with a large cup of hot coffee and a plate of bread and butter.

"There, you see we shan't starve you," said the first man; "and you can make yourself a bed with these when you've done."

"Will you leave me a light?"

"No," says the man with a laugh. "Wild sort of lads like you are not fit to trust with lights. Good-night."

The door of the inner cellar was closed and bolted, for it was not like ours, a simple arch; and then the outer cellar door was shut as well; and Mr. Barclay sat for hours reproaching himself for his infatuation, before, wearied out, he lay down and fell asleep.

How the time had gone, he could not tell, but he woke up suddenly, to find that there was a light in the cellar, and the two men were looking down at him.

"That's right, wake up," says the principal speaker, "and put on those."

"But"——began Mr. Barclay, as the man pointed to some rough clothes.

"Put on those togs, confound you!" cried the fellow fiercely, "or"——

He tapped the butt of a pistol; and there was that in the man's manner which showed that he was ready to use it.

There was nothing for it but to obey; and in a few minutes the prisoner stood up unbound and in regular workman's dress.

"That's right," said his jailer. "Now, come along; and I warn you once for all, that if you break faith and attempt to call out, you die, as sure as your name's Barclay Drinkwater!"

Mr. Barclay felt as if he was stunned; and, half led, half pushed, he was taken into what had once been the pantry, but now a curious-looking place, with a bricked round well in the middle, while on one side was fixed a large pair of blacksmith's forge bellows, connected with a zinc pipe which went right down into the well.

"What does all this mean?" he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Wait, and you'll see," was all the reply he could get; and he stared round in amazement at the heaps of new clay that had been dug out, the piles of old bricks which had evidently been obtained by pulling down partition walls somewhere in the house, the lower part of which seemed, as it were, being transformed by workmen.

Lastly, there were oil-lamps and a pile of cement, the material for which was obtained from a barrel marked, "Flour."

The man called Ned was better, and joined them there, the three being evidently prepared for work, in which Mr. Barclay soon found that he was to participate, and at this point he made a stand.

"Look here," he said; "I demand an explanation. What does all this mean?"

"Are you ready for work?" cried the leader of the little gang, seizing him by the collar menacingly.

"You people have obtained possession of this house under false pretences, and you have made the place an utter wreck. I insist on knowing what it means."

"You do, do you?" said the man, thrusting him back, and holding him with his shoulders against a pile of bricks. "Then, once for all, I tell you this; you've got to work here along with us in silence, and hard too, or else be shut up in that cellar in darkness, and half-starved till we set you free."

"The police shall——"

"O yes, all right. Tell the police. How are you going to do it?"

"Easily enough. I will call for help, and ——"

"Do," said the man, taking a small revolver from his breast. "Now, look here, Mr. Drinkwater; men like us don't enter upon such an enterprise as this without being prepared for consequences. They would be very serious for us if they were found out. Nobody saw you come in where you were not asked, and when you came to insult my friend's wife."

"Wife?" exclaimed Mr. Barclay, for the word almost took his breath away.

"Yes, sir, wife; and it might happen that the gallant husband had an accident with you. We can dig holes, you see. Perhaps we might put somebody in one and cover him up. Now, you understand. Behave yourself, and you shall come to no harm; but play any tricks, and—— Look here, my lads; show our new laborer what you have in your pockets."

"Not now," they said, tapping their breasts. "He's going to work."

Mr. Barclay, as he used to say afterwards, felt as if he was in a dream, and without another word went down the ladder into the well, which was about ten feet deep, and found himself facing the opening of a regular egg-shaped drain, carefully bricked round, and seemingly securely though roughly made.

"Way to Tom Tiddler's ground," said the man who had followed him. "Now, then take that light and this spade. I'll follow with a basket; and you've got to clear out the bricks and earth that broke loose yesterday."

Mr. Barclay looked in the drain-like passage, which was just high enough for a man to crawl along easily, and saw that at one side a zinc pipe was carried, being evidently formed in lengths of about four feet, joined one to the other, but for what purpose, in his confused state, he could not make out.

What followed seemed like a part of a dream, in which, after crawling a long way, at first downwards, and then, with the passage sloping upwards, he found his farther progress stopped by a quantity of loose stones and crumbled down earth, upon which, by the direction of the man who followed close behind, he sat down a strong-smelling oil lamp, filled the basket pushed to him, and realized for the first time in his life what must be the life of a miner toiling in the bowels of the earth.

At first it was intensely hot, and the lamp burned dimly; but soon after he could hear a low hissing noise, and a pleasant cool stream of air began to fill the place; the heat grew less, the light burned more brightly, and he understood what was the meaning of the bellows and the long zinc tube.

For a full hour he labored on, wondering at times, but for the most part, feeling completely stunned by the novelty of his position.

He filled baskets with the clay and bricks, and by degrees cleared away the heap before him, after which he had to give place to the man who had been injured, but who now crept by both the occupants of the passage, a feat only to be accomplished after they had both lain down upon their faces.

Then the prisoner's task was changed to that of passing bricks and pails of cement, sometimes being forced to hold the light while the man deftly fitted in bricks, and made up what had been a fall, and beyond which the passage seemed to continue ten or a dozen feet.

At intervals the gang broke off work to crawl backwards out of the passage to partake of meals which were spread for them in the library.

These meals were good, and washed down with plenty of spirits and water, the two servant-like women and so-called Adela waiting on the party, everything being a matter of wonder to the prisoner, who stared wildly at the well-dressed, lady-like, girlish creature who busied herself in supplying the wants of the gang of four bricklayer-like men.

At the first meal, Mr. Barclay refused food.

He said that he could not eat; but he drank heartily from the glass placed at his side—water which seemed to him to be flavored with peculiar coarse brandy.

But he was troubled with a devouring thirst, consequent upon his exertions, and that of which he had partaken seemed to increase the peculiar dreamy nature of the [illegible].

Whether it was laudanum or some other drug, we could none of us ever say for certain; but Mr. Barclay was convinced that, nearly all the time, he was kept under the influence of some narcotic, and that, in a confused dreamy way, he toiled on in that narrow culvert.

He could keep no account of time, for he never once saw the light of day, and though there were intervals for food and rest, they seemed to be at various times; and from the rarity with which he heard the faint rattle of some passing vehicle, he often thought that the greater part of the work must be done by night.

At first he felt a keen sense of trouble connected with what he looked upon as his disgrace and the way he had lowered himself; but at last he worked on like some machine, obedient as a slave, but hour by hour growing more stupefied, even to the extent of stopping short at times and kneeling before his half-filled basket motionless, till a rude thrust or a blow from a brickbat pitched at him roused him to continue his task.

The drug worked well for his taskmasters, and the making of the mine progressed rapidly, for every one connected therewith seemed in a state of feverish anxiety now to get it done.

And so day succeeded day, and night gave place to night.

The two servant-like women went busily on with their work, and fetched provisions for the household consumption, no tradespeople save milkman and baker being allowed to call, and they remarked that they never once found the area gate unlocked.

And while these two women, prim and self-contained, went on with the cooking and housework and kept the doorstep clean the so-called Miss Adela Mimpriss went on with the woolwork flowers at the dining-room window, where she could get most light, and the world outside had no suspicion of anything being wrong in the staid, old-fashioned house opposite Sir John Drinkwater's.

Even the neighbors on either side heard no sound.

"What does it all mean?" Mr. Barclay used to ask himself, and at other times, "When shall I wake?" for he often persuaded himself that this was the troubled dream of a bad attack of fever, from which he would awaken some day quite in his right mind.

Meanwhile, growing every hour more machine-like, he worked on and on always as if in a dream.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

I STOOD watching Sir John, who seemed nearly mad with grief and rage, and a dozen times over my lips opened to speak, but without a single sound being heard.

At last he looked up at me and saw what I wanted to do, but which respect kept back.

"Well," he said, "what do you propose doing?"

I remained silent for a moment, and then, feeling that even if he was offended, I was doing right, I said to him what was in my heart.

"Sir John, I never married, and I never had a son. It's all a mystery to me."

"Man, you are saved from a curse," he cried fiercely.

"No, dear master, no," I said, as I laid my hand upon his arm. "You don't believe that. I only wanted to say that if I had had a boy—a fine, handsome, brave lad like Mr. Barclay——"

"Fine!—brave!" he says very contemptuously.

"Who had never done a thing wrong, or been disobedient in any way till he fell into temptation that was too strong for him ——"

"Bah! I could have forgiven that. But for him to have turned thief!"

I was silent, for his words seemed to take away my breath.

"Man, man!" he cried, "how could you be such an idiot as to write that document and leave it where it could be found?"

"I—I did it for the best, sir," I said humbly.

"Best? The worst," he cried. "No, no; I cannot forgive. Disgrace or no disgrace, I must have in the police."

"No, no, no!" I cried piteously. "He is your own son, Sir John, your own son; and it is that wretched woman who has driven him mad."

"Mad? Burdon, mad? No; it is something [illegible]"

"But it is not too late," I said very humbly.

"Yes, too late. I disown him. He is no longer son of mine."

"And you sit there in that dining-room every night, Sir John," I said, "with all us servants gathered round, and read that half a chapter and then say, 'As we forgive them that trespass against us.' Sir John—master—he is your own son, and I love him as if he was my own."

There wasn't a sound in that place for a minute, and then he drew his breath in a catching way that startled me, for it was as if he was going to have a fit.

But his face was very calm and stern now, as he says to me gently:

"You are right, old friend"—and my heart gave quite a bound—"old friend."

"Let's go to him and save him, master, from his sin."

"Two weak old men, Burdon, and him strong, desperate, and taken by surprise. My good fellow, what would follow then?"

"I don't know," Sir John. I can only see one thing, and that is, that we should have done our duty by the lad. Let's leave the rest to him."

He drew a long deep breath.

"Yes," he says. "Come along."

We went back in in the darkness to the cellar door and listened; but all seemed very still, and I turned the key in the patent Bramah lock without a sound.

We went in, and stood there on the sawdust, with that hot smell of burnt oil seeming to get stronger, and there was a faint light in the inner cellar now, and a curious rustling panting sound.

We crept forward, one on each side of the opening; and as we looked in, my hand went down on one of the sherry bottles in the bin by my arm, and it made a faint click, which sounded quite loud.

I forgot all about Sir John; I didn't even know that he was there, as I stared in from the darkness at the scene before me.

They, I say they, for the whispering had taught me that there was more than one—had got the stone up while we had been away.

It had been pushed aside on to the sawdust, and a soft yellow light shone up now out of the hole, showing me my young master, looking so strange and staring-eyed and ghastly, that I could hardly believe it was he.

But it was, sure enough, though dressed in rough workman's clothes, and stained and daubed with clay.

It wasn't that, though, which took my attention, but his face; and as I looked, I thought of what had been said a little while ago in my place, and I felt it was true, and that he was mad.

He had just crept up out of the hole, when he uttered a low groan and sank down on his knees, and then fell sidewise across the hole in the floor.

He was not there many moments before there was a low angry whispering: he seemed to be heaved up, and a big workman-looking fellow came struggling up till he sat on the sawdust with his legs in the hole, and spoke down to some [illegible].

"It's all right," he said. "The chests are here; but the fool has fainted away. Quick! the lamp, and then the tools."

He bent down and took a smoky oil lamp that was handed to him, and I drew a deep breath, for the sound of his voice had seemed familiar; but the light which shone on his face made me sure in spite of his rough clothes and the beard he had grown.

It was Edward Gunning, our old servant, who was discharged for being too fond of drink, turned bricklayer once again.

As he took the lamp, he got up, held it above his head, looked round, and then, with a grin of satisfaction at the sight of the chests, stepped softly toward the opening into the outer cellar, where Sir John and I were watching.

It didn't take many moments, and I hardly know how it happened, but I just saw young Mr. Barclay lying helpless on the sawdust, another head appearing at the hole, and then, with the light full upon it, Edward Gunning's face being thrust out of the opening into the cellar where we were, and his eyes gleaming curiously before they seemed to shut with a snap.

For, all at once, perhaps it was me being a butler and so used to wine, my hand closed upon the neck of one of those bottles, which rose up sudden-like above my head, and came down with a crash upon that of this wretched man.

There was a crash; the splash of wine; the splintering of glass; the smell of sherry—fine old sherry, yellow seal—and I stood for a moment with the bottle neck and some sawdust in my hand, startled by the yell the man gave, by the heavy fall, and the sudden darkness which had come upon us.

Then, I suppose it was all like a flash, I had rushed to the inner cellar and was dragging the slab over the hole, listening the while to a hollow rustling noise which ended as I got the slab across and sat on it to keep it down.

"Where are you, Burdon?" says Sir John.

"Here, sir!—Quick! A light."

I heard him hurry off; and it seemed an hour before he came back, while I sat listening to a terrible moaning, and smelling the split sherry and the oily knocked-out lamp.

Then Sir John came in, quite pale, but looking full of fight, and the first thing he did was to stoop down over Edward Gunning and take a pistol from his breast pocket.

"You take that, Burdon," he said, "and use it if we are attacked."

"Which we shan't be, Sir John, if you help me to get this stone back in its place."

He set the lamp on one of the chests and lent a hand, when the stone dropped tightly into its place; and we dragged a couple of chests across, side by side, before turning to young Mr. Barclay, who lay there on his side as if asleep.

"Now," says Sir John, as he laid his hand upon the young man's collar and dragged him over on to his back, "I think we had better hand this fellow over to the police."

"The doctor, you mean, sir. Look at him."

I needn't have bade him look, for Sir John was already doing that.

It was a doctor that I fetched and not the police, for Mr. Barclay lay there quite insensible, and smelling as if he had taken to eating opium, while Ned Gunning had so awful a cut across his temple that he would soon have bled to death.

The doctor came and dressed the rascal's wounds as he was laid in my pantry; but he shook his head over Mr. Barclay, and with reason; for two months had passed away before we got him down to Dorking, and saw his pale face beginning to get something like what it was, with Miss Virginia, forgiving and gentle, always by his side.

But I'm taking a very big jump, and saying nothing about our going across to the house opposite as soon as it was daylight, to find the door open and no one there; while the state of that basement and what we saw there, and the artfulness of the people, and the labor they had given in driving that passage right under the road as true as a die, filled me with horror, and cost Sir John five hundred pounds.

Why, their measurements and calculations were as true as true; and if it hadn't been for me missing that paper—which, of course, it was Edward Gunning who stole it—those scoundrels would have carried off that golden load as sure as we were alive.

But they didn't get it; and they had gone off scot-free, all but our late footman, who had concussion of the brain in the hospital where he was took, Sir John saying that he would let the poor wretch get well before he handed him over to the police.

But, bless you, he never meant to. He was so pleased to get Mr. Barclay back, and to find that he hadn't the least idea about the golden incubus being in the cellar; while as to the poor lad's sorrow about his madness and that wretched woman, who was Ned Gunning's wife, it was pitiful to see.

The other scoundrels had got away; and all at once he found that Gunning had discharged himself from the hospital; and by that time the house over the way was put straight, the builder telling me in confidence that he thought Sir John must have been mad to attempt to make such a passage as that to connect his property without consulting a regular business man.

That was the morning when he got his cheque for the repairs, and the passage—

which he called "Drinkwater's Folly"—had disappeared.

Time went on, and the golden incubus went on too—that is, to a big bank in the Strand, for we were at Dorking now, where those young people spent a deal of time in the open air; and Mr. Barclay used to say he could never forgive himself; but his father did, and so did some one else.

Who did?

Why, you don't want telling that. Heaven bless her sweet face! And bless him, too, for a fine young fellow! as strong—ay, and as weak, too, of course—as any man.

Dear, dear, dear! I'm pretty handy to eighty now, and Sir John just one year ahead; and I often say to myself, as I think of what men will do for the sake of a pretty face—likewise for the sake of gold: "This is a very curious world."

[THE END.]

My Fellow-Traveler,

BY CRAWFORD SCOTT.

"DO you mind letting me look at your ring?"

I started on hearing these words, first, because they were spoken in a coupe that was running between Paris and Tours, where I did not expect to hear an English voice; secondly, because I felt somewhat alarmed to be traveling alone with a man who was thus manifesting his interest in a diamond ring, which I had been vain and foolish enough to buy the day before in Paris, and was now wearing.

A hurried glance somewhat reassured me; so I held out my hand to him, and then something in the way which he examined my recent purchase told me that I had come across, not a robber, but a diamond merchant.

He was slightly built and had dark hair and whiskers. His features were well cut, and his eyes were blue. I think he was older than he looked.

He was probably fifty or fifty-five, but might have passed for nearly ten years less.

"May I ask what you gave for it?" he inquired after a brief scrutiny.

I named the sum.

"You were done," he replied; "you ought not to have paid more than half that price. The stone is faulty, but has been very skillfully cut, and that is how you have been taken in. Well, I don't suppose there is one person out of a thousand who will discover that it is not nearly as good as it looks."

That was certainly some consolation.

"You are in the trade?" I hazarded.

"I was," replied my fellow-traveler; "but I met with an adventure that upset me for a time, and was the cause of my giving up business. I had acquired a competence for a bachelor with inexpensive tastes, but still it was against the grain for me to leave off trading and lead an inactive life. Indeed, but for certain nervous scruples that have taken possession of me, I think I would begin dealing again to-morrow. If you would care to hear the event to which I refer, and which has affected me so greatly, I will tell it to you. There is nothing else to be done, and it will help to pass the time."

I expressed my desire to hear his story; but had I conjectured what he was about to tell me, I would have begged him to hold his peace.

The reader, however, need have no similar compunction about perusing the narrative, as it was the man's wistful eyes and pathetic expression, and, more still, the subsequent occasion on which I saw him, that have caused his tale to haunt me.

"If ever anyone," he began, "had a right to consider himself cosmopolitan, I have; for my father was of Jewish extraction, and my mother was French; I was born and educated in New York, and from my youth I have traded in London and Paris. I inherited from my father a fair amount of capital to start with, and that of course was a great matter. I was pretty cute in dealing, and never speculated, so that, although the process was slow, I gradually acquired a moderate fortune.

"The first big haul I made was when diamonds were first discovered at the Cape. I went out, purchased largely, and did several good strokes of business.

"After that I went to India, where as a buyer I entered into the most extensive transactions I had ever made in my life. I then returned to Europe bringing the stones with me. At Suez I fell in with a Greek jewel-merchant, with whom I was acquainted.

"He too had been in the East, and was now going to Venice, to buy pearls, that were being sold there. I agreed to accompany him, as I thought I might be able to do some business myself, and, as I was on my way for Paris, it was not much out of my way.

"We arrived in Venice together, where my friend went to stay with a relation, and I to an hotel. Next evening I called on him, and he agreed to return with me to the hotel and have supper with me. I had somewhere else to go, and it was arranged that on my return he would join me, and accompany me back.

"As the gondola in which I was seated approached the rendezvous, I saw my friend standing close to the water, at the end of a narrow passage which led from the house where he was staying. It was dusk, but as we approached I could see a man stealing up behind him, and, ere I could raise my voice in warning, my friend was struck down.

"Then his assailant, stooping over the motionless body, began to rifle it. The two gondoliers, who also witnessed the attack, incited by me, urged the boat forward with the utmost speed, and in a few seconds we were upon the scene.

"As I sprang from the boat the assassin looked up and seemed to hesitate whether to attack me, but seeing the two men coming to my aid, he fled ere I had time to reach him, and soon disappeared. My friend was not killed, as I had feared, but had been badly stabbed between the shoulders.

"The robber had evidently considered his watch-chain and purse as objects too trivial for plunder, and had not had time to reach a leather bag containing some very valuable pearls and other gems, which was secured in an inside pocket, and had clearly been the motive of the crime.

"I had only intended to remain a few days, and the night before my departure I left the hotel for a little, locking the door of my room as usual. The diamonds were in a leather case at the bottom of a strong box, which was full of clothes and other property of some value.

"I thought the diamonds safer there than anywhere else, as no one, not even my friend, knew of their existence. I was absent not more than an hour and a half, and on my return went to my room with the intention of going to bed.

"No sooner had I unlocked my door than a strange and indefinable dread took possession of me. I saw nothing and heard nothing, but I detected a slight and peculiar odor of some species of tobacco, or it may have been opium.

"I do not smoke, and the conviction instantly flashed upon me that during my absence some one had entered my room, and, for aught I knew, might still be there. My sense of smell is keen, but the effluvia could barely be perceived, and had come I believed from the clothes or breath of the intruder.

"There was an English waiter in the hotel, and as he happened to be in the passage outside, I called him into the room. Then with his assistance I began to search the room.

"We looked under the bed, opened the cupboard, and examined a curtained recess that served as a wardrobe; but could see nothing to justify my suspicions. There was no chimney, as the room was warmed by a small stove.

"Had there been a terrace or balcony outside my window, I should at once have concluded that an entrance had been effected by that means, but with diamonds of such great value in my possession, I would not have occupied a room of that description, and I knew that there was nothing between my window and the water, which a hundred feet below lapped the base of the building.

"I gave the waiter a trifle, and asked him to say nothing about my suspicions; for it had just occurred to me that the landlord probably had a master-key to my room, and might have had some reason to enter it in my absence.

"Yet I had never before noticed in the hotel these strange narcotic fumes, which had now almost disappeared, but which I shall remember while I live. Though I was no longer alarmed, as soon as the man left my room, it was with some trepidation that I opened by box and felt for my stones.

"They were safe. My mind was now almost at ease, but I examined more carefully than usual the revolver, which I always kept under my pillow, to satisfy myself that it was in a serviceable condition. I then went to bed.

"I think it must have been just after I had fallen asleep, when I awoke with a start, roused by a slight noise near me. Holding my breath, I listened, and distinctly heard a creaking sound in the room, as if two boards were being slowly parted by means of some instrument. The noise stopped for a few minutes, then began again, and went on for several seconds, and stopped as before.

"I had grasped my revolver and lay motionless prepared to use it. I did not dare to raise an alarm, because, for aught I knew, at that very moment I might be exposed to some deadly weapon, which would be used against me, if I attempted to summon aid. The knowledge, however, that I was armed and able to defend myself took away the greater part of my fear, even while I listened to that mysterious noise. My belief was that two of the boards in the floor, or in the wall, were being slowly removed in order to admit some one into the room. I was ready to fire as soon as I heard a stealthy step by my bedside, as I did not doubt that my life would be attempted. The room was quite dark; but if my first shot missed, the flash from the pistol would enable me to take good aim with my second.

"Suddenly the nature of the sound altered, and at last I understood how it was produced, and knew that the window was being slowly opened by some one outside. No ladder was high enough to reach from a boat, and the thoroughfare, which even at night was constantly made of the water, rendered access by this means impossible. I concluded that in my absence some one had entered my room by the door, and at the sound of approach had opened the window and gone outside, closing it immediately afterwards.

"But what vampire was this, that for more than an hour had clung to a sill barely six inches wide, or had poised himself at so fearful a height upon this narrow ledge! All these thoughts, and many more, passed through my mind during the few seconds that I lay conscious that I must inflict or suffer instant death.

"Not to speak of the robbery, which I did not doubt was the cause of this man's presence, escape was impossible for him except at the expense of my life, and I believed he would not hesitate to take it. Only a few nights before, had I not seen my friend with less cause struck down by an assassin!

"It was very dark, but at that moment, through a rift in the dense clouds, the moon shed a flood of light, and for an instant and no longer, between myself and the sky, silhouette-like, I saw distinctly the form of a man.

"He held a poniard in his hand and was preparing to step into the room. It may have been due to imagination, but I believed that I also saw the same diabolical face which I had observed in the man who had attacked my friend.

"Without further reflection, and almost instinctively, I fired. Following the report of the shot came a convulsive sob, and from the breath of cool air that suddenly passed over my face, I knew that nothing intervened now between me and the night breeze that was blowing through the open window.

"I sprang from bed, and, groping my way, I found, as I expected, that the intruder had disappeared. Putting my hand out of the window, I could feel that there was neither rope nor ladder there. I then closed the window and secured it.

"When I had struck a light I saw on the sleeve of my night-shirt a damp, red stain, and knew that when I had put my hand outside there was blood upon the sill; but whether it had been spilt by my shot or otherwise, of course, I could not tell. Sleep was out of the question now, so I dressed and remained where I was till it was time for me to go in the morning. I said nothing of what had occurred, and heard nothing of it; nor from that day till this has any intelligence connected with the event ever reached me.

"If the man had a poniard in his death-grasp, and, as is likely, was weighted with other heavy weapons, on striking the water he would sink like lead.

"I could not, however, forget my terrible experience. I became nervous and subjected to odd fancies, and took to reading books that treated of the history, virtues, and baneful effects of gems.

"Soon afterwards I resolved to retire from business. By far the most important of my purchases in the East had been a very valuable diamond of great weight. It is not easy to find purchasers for stones of this size, as there are naturally few who have the means and are willing to part with the equivalent in money. The stone is still unsold, and lies in the care of my bankers in London.

"When I have disposed of it, that will be my last transaction of this nature. It is a famous diamond, and has an authentic history of many hundred years. It is known to have caused the loss of many a life. I have no doubt that on account of this jewel I was actually followed from India, and though I only saw him in the dark, both from his size and features I believe the plunderer to have been a native or half-caste. I am also of the belief that ere I can get rid of this diamond, there is still misfortune in store for me."

I had now to leave in order to change cars, and I was [illegible] traveler farewell, as he had made me feel [illegible].

About a year later I was in Paris, and one morning read in a newspaper an account of the sale of the famous jewels of a Russian princess.

Several paragraphs farther on, I read that the body of a murdered man, who was unknown, had been found on one of the principal boulevards.

A short description followed, which at once suggested to me my fellow-traveler of a year before, on the Orleans railway. I hastened to the Morgue, and found my fears realized; for there lay the diamond merchant, who had been fatally stabbed between the shoulders.

From the information that I was able to give, it was concluded that he would be known to the large jewel-dealers, and as the result of inquiries in a short time the body was claimed by friends.

I afterwards learnt that he had been the victim of a deeply-laid robbery, as a very valuable diamond, which it was discovered he had brought to Paris, in order to dispose of, was missing, but his purse, which contained a considerable sum of money, and his other valuables, had been left untouched.

THE SWISS MATRON.—In Geneva and some other parts of Switzerland, a very practical custom exists for the rapid punishment of certain petty offenders. A policeman who sees a publican keep his house open after closing hours, a cabman driving after dark without his lanterns lit, or a servant shaking a carpet out of a window overlooking the street, does not summon the transgressor before a magistrate, but serves him with a card, which, setting forth the nature of the offence, adds:

"If you acknowledge yourself to have committed the aforesaid breach of police regulations, you are to pay a fine of five francs at the police office on such a day. If you deny your guilt, you are hereby summoned to appear on such a day at the Tribunal of Police, where you will have to answer to my charge."

By this system the expense, waste of time, and worry involved in attending a police court to meet a trivial charge are avoided, and no injustice is done, since the accused can appeal to a magistrate if he thinks he has been improperly fined.

FROM saying to doing is a long stretch.

Scientific and Useful.

LEMON JUICE.—To preserve the juice of lemons, mix it with one-tenth of alcohol and then bottle. By this means it will be prevented from decomposing.

LEATHER AND IRON.—To glue leather to cast-iron, spread over the metal a thin, hot solution of good glue; soak the leather with a warm solution of gall-nuts before placing on the metal, and leave to dry under an even pressure. It is claimed that when fastened in this manner it is impossible to separate the leather from the metal without tearing it.

CABLE ANCHOR.—A "cable anchor" for stopping boats has been successfully tried. The apparatus consists of a cable having on it a series of canvas cones, which open by the action of the water, and close when drawn the usual way. A steamer running thirteen knots was stopped in thirteen seconds, and in a space of from twenty to thirty feet, by this arrangement.

OLD PAINT.—It is astonishing that some painters will persist in the barbarous practice of removing old paint from wood by scrubbing with sandstone and water, or, if many coats have accumulated on wood, by a process of firing; whereas an application of naphtha once or a few times will in all cases sufficiently soften it to allow it to be readily wiped off. Chloroform mixed with a small quantity of spirits of ammonia is also effective.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—An effective composition for a "hand grenade" fire-extinguisher is, common salt, 19.46; sal ammoniac, 8.88; water, 71.66, or 20 pounds of salt, 10 pounds of sal ammoniac and 7 gallons of water. The flask should be of thin glass, so that when thrown against anything with force it will fall to pieces. The grenades, costing but little, can be distributed freely over the premises to be protected; and, should a fire occur, break a bottle, or several bottles, over it, and a disaster will probably be averted.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.—There has been invented a contrivance which enables people to indulge in the healthy exercise of mountain-climbing without leaving their rooms. This apparatus is more particularly adapted for the use of persons suffering from a defective circulation, fatty degeneration, obesity, etc. It consists of a couple of steps placed side by side, and working in such a way that one rises while the other is being pressed down by the foot. Under each step is a bellows which offers a resisting power to the down tread. The labor of climbing is regulated by means of a lever-brake. The steps are six inches high, and the less or greater steepness of the climb can be imitated by treading the step halfway down, or to its full depth; also by varying the amount of "luggage" carried by the operator. A self-acting pedometer registers the number of paces.

Farm and Garden.

THE POULTRY HOUSE.—Chaff, clover, hay, cut straw, or gravel may be used to litter the floor of the poultry-house, among which the grain may be thrown. The golden morsels keep fowls in good heart, give them exercise and consequent thrift. But this littering must not be put under the roosts, where the grain would mix with the droppings.

PERCHES.—A very narrow perch makes it necessary to bear the weight on the breast bone, mainly in one spot, and thus it becomes bent on one side. This deformity is caused, in many instances, by roosting on the chine of a barrel or in the small limbs of trees. Old fowls have their bones hardened so that they will stand the pressure without bending, but all should have wide perches.

SOOT.—A gardener recommends soot as an excellent fertilizer for plants, especially pot plants. An easy way to apply it is in water. Tie the soot up in a bag and place it in hot water, working it around with the hands or a stick until the water shall have washed the soot from the bag; dilute with cold water. Soot-water is excellent for roses, abutilons, pelargoniums and other flowering plants. With the pots full of roots it appears to be especially effective.

RUNNING COWS.—No man who owns a cow can afford to have her afraid of him, for it would be a loss to the owner every time the cow should be in anyway frightened, while to run a cow to pasture is like throwing money away. The cow is simply a milk-making machine, and should be kept in the best working condition, and for her this condition is one of quiet. A cow that should be in any way worried will not do her best. Make pets of the cows, and they will make money for the owner.

TO TELL FRESH EGGS.—A fresh egg is very clear when held up to a strong light, and the air cell at the large end is very small. In fact, the smaller the air cell the fresher the egg, as the cell expands as the egg becomes stale. A fresh egg has a somewhat rough shell, while that of a stale egg is very smooth. When cooked, the contents of a fresh egg stick to the shell and must be removed with a spoon, but a stale egg, when boiled hard, permits the shell to be peeled off like the skin of an orange. It takes a longer time to boil a fresh egg hard than it does for a stale egg, and fresh eggs are more easily beaten into a froth than stale ones.

A HIGHER morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 7, 1888.

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Needless Fears.

Many have seen a tennis court marked out upon the lawn. A rope is put down, and a furrow, neither wide nor deep, is made in the tender grass. Days go by, and the lines are smoothed away. Sun and rain and merry feet leave not a trace of the court. Memory alone can tell that a game has been played upon this smooth and even turf. You have forgotten all about the furrows, when, lo! months afterwards, on a keen frosty morning, you are startled by their reappearance. They are the same, though this time they are lines of white, bold and well-defined, upon a field of gray—the ghost of the summer court.

This curious phenomena, in which Nature, with the aid of frost, revives impressions that are thought to have been effaced by the warmth of summer, has its counterpart in the life of man. There is, however, this happy difference: that with human nature not frost alone, but sunshine, is the reviver.

Who among us has not had experiences, sad and pleasant, that have faded out of memory, until their ghosts are raised in the shadow of a heavy sorrow or in the blaze of a great joy!

Dr. Johnson was an old man when he bareheaded in the rain a penance for having refused to attend his father's bookstall on the same spot half a century before.

Disobedience is so common a fault, and the interval between the act and contrition was so long, that even the sensitive doctor must have held in little account this flaw of his youth. The probability is that he would never have recalled the incident had not age frosted over and brought into ghostly relief the faded impressions of the past.

The birch is an excellent reviver, though, as every schoolboy knows, it leaves behind marks of a color other than white. Strain is put upon a limb or faculty that has shown signs of weakness, and straightway former suffering comes before our eyes as a warning.

A visit to the scenes of childhood, the sight of some secretly cherished object—a lock of hair, a ring, a portrait—a once familiar scent, the sound of a forgotten melody, will often repair the links of memory and awaken echoes that have slept. There are people, however, who see memories that have no existence except in imagination. They have presentiments, and believe in them.

There is no hair so small that it does not cast a shadow. There is no act or event of our life that does not leave its mark. We may forget the deed or the circumstance as we forgot the lines upon the turf until they were renewed by the frost. But the impression is there, silently awaiting the conditions of its resurrection.

You have felt it in the making. You have had vague, uneasy feelings—forebodings of trouble. You have opened your letters in fear and trembling. Every knock at the door has given you a start. You have laid in wait for misfortune without knowing why.

You cannot state the cause of your fear until you remember that a few hours before something disagreeable happened. The circumstance may have been so trivial that you cannot recall it, yet uneasiness lingers, like the sting of a nettle or the ripple on the water after the stone has sunk out of sight.

It is easy to interpret these vague fears into presentiments, as it is for a sick man to imagine that he has heard the death-watch, or for a nervous man to believe that he has seen a ghost when he has but caught sight of a sheet drying on the line.

Some men cannot shake off these fears. They lack either the physical or moral courage or the mental ability to examine into the real nature and grounds of their forebodings. The result is that they go through life, like men who have seen a ghost, gloomy and discouraged. The weight of their fears keeps them down.

Success is not for them. They are never free. They halt between two opinions; never take a decided step, never begin a thing well, because they fear that they will never see it completed.

With others these needless fears make but a short stay. They are either strangled in their birth by a bold grip or are slain in the sunshine that fears and ghosts abhor. The sheet is dragged into open day and proved to be no ghost.

If danger should be avoided by the control of circumstances, no less should positive good be secured as far as possible by obtaining favorable surroundings. In most of the concerns of life this is a matter of course. Every one in conducting his affairs seeks for the most propitious conditions. Yet in the formation of character this element is strangely forgotten, while nowhere is it more essential. The influence of the society in which men move, the books they read, the companions they choose, the conversation in which they engage, the amusements in which they indulge, the work in which they are interested—all are ever pressing upon them for good or for evil. Those who hold as a grand purpose in life the growth of a virtuous character will exert all their intelligence and effort so as to control and order their surroundings as not only to remove temptations to evil, but to afford positive nourishment and continual reinforcement to every good quality.

It seems somewhat curious that, while the necessity for intellectual stimulus and development is so clearly recognized and abundantly provided for, the still greater need of building up character should receive less thoughtful and systematic attention. Whether we look at it from the standpoint of the individual or of the nation, character has equal importance with scholarship. That the child should be trained to speak the truth, to be scrupulously honest, to control his appetites, to regulate his desires, to love justice and mercy, to cultivate kind feelings and generous actions, is of as much consequence to his future life and influence as any kind of information that could be given to him.

It is in early life that the habit of promptness may most easily be acquired. Parents should accustom their children to choose and decide many things for themselves, teaching them how to think quickly and effectively, prohibiting changes without sufficient cause, and allowing them to experience the natural consequences of their determinations. In this way they will gradually learn to bear responsibility and to acquire as much rapidity of thought and word as is consistent with its importance and effectiveness.

He who would see his sons and daughters thoroughly and truly gentle must forbid selfishness of action, rudeness of speech, carelessness of forms, impoliteness of conduct from the first, and demand that in childhood and the nursery shall be laid the foundation of that good breeding which is as a jewel of price to the mature man and woman.

Much as we may desire greater equality among men, we can never ignore or sweep away natural differences of capacity. No effort can put the slow, dull boy on an intellectual level with the keen, bright one; no vision of future equality can ever hope to abolish distinctions between the highly-gifted man who rises easily to greatness in his appointed sphere, and the one who, weak in mind and infirm of purpose, fails to make any mark in the world.

When the claims of business cease to engross the whole time and thought and energies, when the claims of home and friends and society come to be fully recognized, when the needs of a many-sided nature are emphasized, when the affectional capacities are appreciated and individual tastes respected, then will the intervals of life yield a real harvest of benefit and delight.

Fixed principles of right, of duty, of honor and of truth make up the character of the true man. The man without these is like the ship at sea without a rudder, he is tossed by every wave and his course changed by every wind. Such men as a rule never achieve success in anything. Their opinions are constantly changing with the circumstances of their surroundings.

Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck, yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on the deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft; lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer.

In a great affliction there is no light either in the stars or in the sun; for when the inward light is fed with fragrant oil, there can be no darkness though the sun should go out. But when, like a sacred lamp in the temple, the inward light is quenched, there is no light outwardly, though a thousand suns should preside in the heavens.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives.

To appreciate a difficulty is an important step towards overcoming it; and that is a far more hopeful condition of mind which admits the duty and fathoms the difficulty than that which rushes in unprepared and unaware of the need of preparation.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Three things too much and three things too little are pernicious to a man. To speak much and know little; to spend much and have little; to presume much and be worth little.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and you will find that it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

In dress, be neat and unobtrusive. The perfection of dress is to be so perfectly in keeping with your occupation that the attention of an observer is not directed to it at all.

There is a rabble among the gentry as well as the commonality, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their folly.

When anything beautiful in human character takes its departure from the world, what is the first ejaculation of the human heart but one for its immortality?

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

The World's Happenings.

The German population of New York is given at 350,000.

Every man on the Kansas City police force is a church member.

The working day in Paris has been reduced from 11 hours to 10 hours.

The average Russian is said to drink from 10 to 12 glasses of tea a day.

The late Emperor William was 3 years old when General Washington died.

In New York city the building trades have 45 unions, with a membership of 85,000.

Mrs. A. H. Holloway has been given a five-years' contract to clean the streets of Buffalo, N. Y.

Twenty-five horse-thief detective companies in Illinois have organized a grand lodge of the order.

An educated Piute, who quotes Shakespeare and Pope, is now the leading attraction on the Comstock.

A house that is constructed entirely from boards taken from shoe boxes is a peculiar feature of a Kansas town.

At a railroad crossing near the depot in Adrian, Mich., is a sign bearing the words: "Prepare to meet thy God."

The supply of alligators in the South is giving out, the slaughter for their hides having been carried on so incessantly.

It is said there are farmer's wives on Long Island who make boy's trousers for 3 cents. There are women in New York who toil 12 hours a day for 60 cents.

The postmaster of Homestead, Pa., who went to Pittsburg for a supply of postage stamps, sent them home by a carrier pigeon, according to a current paragraph.

Hot Springs, Ark., has a little restaurant, 10 feet square, which bears the sign: "Tennessee Restaurant Company—Open Day and Night—Oysters and Possum."

Some Florida cabbages measure 5 feet across the top and weigh 25 pounds, so the Florida papers say. They also tell of a potato 27 pounds in weight and a turnip weighing 10 pounds.

The statement is made that no less than six species of North American birds have become extinct during the last 10 years, and it is claimed that English sparrows were the main cause.

A redwood tree lately felled near Humboldt, Col., was 10 feet in diameter one way and 20 the other at the stump. It was 200 feet long, and contained lumber enough to build a small village.

The latest championship claimed is that for catching dogs. The claimant belongs to the New York dog-catching brigade, and offers to wager money that he can "take in" more dogs than any other catcher.

Says an imaginative statistician: "If Texas were a circular lake and France a circular island, the island could be anchored centrally in the lake out of sight of land, 22 miles from any point on the encircling shore."

A woman has a fair chance now of not marrying a drunkard in Waldeck, Germany. The Legislature of the little principality has just passed a law forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

Out on the Pacific coast the other day burglars ineffectually attempted to blow open a safe that subsequently was found not to have been locked at all. That discovery, however, belongs to the owner, not the thieves, who departed empty-handed.

A Cincinnati, O., man who wears a costly artificial leg finds the member useful for uses other than that for which it was intended. Being given to gambling he frequently becomes financially embarrassed, and to tide him over he pawns the leg. In its absence he gets around on a crutch.

A Manchester girl telephoned to her father's office asking if her dog was there. Curley was there, and his mistress asked the man to hold him up to the telephone. She whistled and spoke, and told him to come home. Curley pricked up his ears, and as soon as he was placed on the floor started for home.

A ranchman who got drunk at Whitewood, D. T., was arrested, and for lack of a better "cooler" was locked up in an empty box car. That night the car was attached to a train, and the ranchman woke up in the morning 40 miles from home and without a cent in his pocket. He threatens to sue for damages.

Georgia negroes are flocking to the Ocala swamp and daubing themselves with its mud, in the hope that it will turn them white. This movement had its origin in the fact that a negro who had wounded his leg and bandaged it with the mud of the swamp found, when his leg healed, that it had turned almost white.

This is the tallest story that came from the West by the last mail: "A Missouri man says he recently went into the woods, painted a black circle on the end of a log, and when he went back to the log an hour later he found 300 dead rabbits there, the animals having mistaken the circle for a hole in the log and dashed themselves to death against it."

In removing his goods display from the sidewalk to the store, a New York furniture dealer was amazed to find snugly tucked away between two mattresses, a slumbering tramp. The latter on being awakened didn't seem in the least alarmed at his discovery, and subsequently explained that he had been sleeping there since noon, and had daily, for more than a week, enjoyed the comfort of the free bed.

What looked like the largest, straightest, soundest and longest walnut log ever floated down the Cumberland reached Nashville recently. It belonged to a green-looking countryman, who gave good reasons why he should sell it immediately. It was such a fine log that, despite the owner's anxiety to sell, it fetched almost its apparent value. In due course of time it was taken out of the water, and proved to be a sycamore log with walnut bark tacked all over it in the most artistic manner. The green countryman has not been seen since.

JETSAM.

BY KHIRUM.

The warm wave feels cool evening's breath;
White foam-flakes with its blue commingle;
Soul-saddened in the hush of death,
The tide lays gently on the shingle
A burden which it cherisheth.

The living locks of brown sea-drift
With the dead locks of gold are weaving;
The clinging garments fall and lift
Responsive to the billows' heaving;
Low at my feet they stretch their gift.

Dear nameless daughter of the deep,
Thou seen, then loved, ye nought shall sever:
Outwatch with me this life of sleep
Till death's morn join our souls for ever,
And I my plighted troth will keep.

The Squire's Will.

BY LUCY FARMER.

WE were up at the Manor one day—Charley and I—when Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, came bustling up, full of importance.

"Isn't she like an old turkey-cock?" I said, as I watched her strutting and shaking her red ribbons; "look, Charley!"

"Mind your genders," replied my husband; "and also take care that she does not hear you, Lucy. She would be a deadly enemy."

I hadn't time to give Charley a bit of my mind, as I should have liked, for Mrs. Jones came up in a fume and a flurry: all warm, and full of importance.

"If you please, Lucy Farmer, you and your good man are wanted in the library."

"Wanted in the library!" we exclaimed; "for why?"

"Servants shouldn't ask no questions, but do as they are told," said Mrs. Jones, with a toss of her head; "though I dare say as some 'sinuates themselves more than other and older people—who are sent messages to interlopers."

"I say, Mother Jones, what are you drivin' at?" cries Charley. "Do you refer to me and Lucy there? What's put you out, old lady?"

"Old lady yourself!" retorted the injured dame. "I obeys my instructions. Will you do as you're bid? I ain't wanted, it seems!"

"Oh! that's it, is it?" I said. "Well, Mr. Jones, you needn't be jealous of us. I dare say it's something they didn't like to ask you to do. Who is in the library that wants us?"

"When you go in you'll see. They wants two creditable witnesses, I'm told—as if I wasn't a creditable woman!"

"Of course you are," replied Charley; "but what's up?"

"It's Miss Amy—Miss Ollifant—and Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe. They've a paper, they say, and you must be witnesses."

"Oh! is that all? Come along," I said. "I don't mind, Charley. There may be something in this, for Miss Ollifant is twenty-one to-day, and the squire is her guardian or something."

"We're not over-tidy," hesitated Charley; "but as they're waitin', here goes!"

We quickly left Mrs. Jones, who fancied herself slighted; but as she could hardly write her own name, and kept the books with oughts and crosses like "fox and geese" at school, I didn't so much wonder at Mr. Cardewe choosing Charley and me as witnesses. So we went in, scraping our feet and rubbing our soles on the *Salve* mat, which Charley said meant "Wipe your feet."

We knocked—leastways I did—at the library door, and Mr. Cardewe said, "Come in."

We came, and curtseyed and bowed. Miss Amy was there: a nice, rather small-made, trim little body, as lively as a kitten, and as mischievous, with a merry laugh that you could hear two squares off, and a quick firm way of talking, while her eyes sparkled like two beads in her head.

"How do you do, Mrs. Farmer?" she said. "I hope you and Mr. Farmer and the children are quite well. I want you to witness something for me."

"With pleasure, miss," we said, both together.

"I have suggested your attendance," said Mr. Cardewe, "because I know Lucy is discreet, and worthy of confidence" (here Charley coughed behind his hand and half choked). "Mr. Farmer, you and your wife will consider this confidential."

We said "Yes," and meant it.

"Now," said Mr. Cardewe, after a pause, "here is a paper which in your presence I am bound to deliver to Miss Ollifant. It puts her in possession of her fortune, which we all hope she will enjoy; but remember, Amy, if Mr. Bassett should claim your hand, and you refuse it, you must surrender all the real estate to him, should he insist upon such a sacrifice."

I scented something here; so glancing at Charley, I said to Mr. Cardewe—

"Beg your pardon, sir, but do we understand that Miss Ollifant must marry a certain young gentleman?"

"No; she may marry whom she pleases, only with diminished fortune—the ready money only, we may say—no houses nor land—only the personal property."

"And may I make so bold, sir, as to ask who is Mr. Bassett?"

"Mr. Bassett is the next heir male; so he says—and our lawyer confirms it—the next-of-kin, a certain Cyril Elliott having disappeared."

"But suppose Mr. Elliott turns up, sir?" asked Charley.

"Then he will have the estate, of course."

"Is he dead, sir?"

"We cannot tell. We know he came into some property a few years ago, an eccentric gift by an eccentric old lady, whose pet dog he had rescued from a bull-terrier. He went to India with his regiment, sold out, and we have lost all trace of him."

"Now," continued Mr. Cardewe, after a pause, "Miss Ollifant will give me a formal release, and you shall witness it."

Miss Amy signed a release, and then Mr. Cardewe made us put our names to the paper.

After that the butler, did the same, but he didn't know what he was signing. The deed was done! We were not wanted any more, so we wished Miss Ollifant many happy returns of the day. Then we made our bows and exits, as they say.

"What do you think of it all, Charley?" I said, when we got out of doors and were on our way home.

"What do I think of it? Well, I think it was a foolish will," he replied; "and she will have some trouble yet."

"After all, she may marry who she likes," I said; "and that's something. Fancy being tied to that Indian with the dog!"

"What Indian? You're dreaming, Lucy!"

"Mr. Cardewe said an Indian: a man in India, any way, and they are all black men there."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charley; "you're at it again. That's worse than your Ceylon men being bachelors, as you called them. Won't you never learn by experience?"

"Well, it isn't my fault. Mr. Perkins, who has been in Ceylon, said the men were all 'single-he's,' and of course I thought he meant 'bachelors,' as he teased Ellen about going there. But if he isn't an Indian, who is he?"

"Why, an Englishman, to be sure; and ——"

"Look, Charley!" I interrupted, "there's Captain Sanders riding up to the Manor. That's the second time this week, and it's only Friday!"

"I suppose Captain Sanders can call on Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe twice a week if they don't mind?"

"It isn't Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe he comes to see! It's Miss Amy—you may take my word for that. They have met before; and in my opinion it's a 'case!' They were at the regatta at Weymouth. I saw them; and no doubt they met at Portland, and at the Governor's tennis-party in Dorchester. She'll lose her money if she doesn't mind."

"Her estates, you mean. Here's another gentleman—a stranger, too, I'm sure. He is puzzled which road to take. Here he comes."

"Good day," said the stranger. "Can you tell me if this road will lead me to Cardewe Manor?"

"It will, sir," replied Charley; "straight on."

"Thanks. Is Mr. Cardewe at home, do you know?"

I said he was; Charley nodded.

"Much obliged," said the stranger, pulling a letter from his pocket; and I saw the torn envelope fall as he continued—

"May I ask if a Miss Ollifant is staying at the Manor?"

"There is a young lady staying there," I said.

"So I heard. Much obliged, ma'am. You are very kind. We may meet again, perhaps. Good day."

"Good day, sir," said Charley; "good-bye!—Come along, Lucy. What is it?"

"Read that. See! This is the envelope he dropped. There! I am sorry for Miss Amy!"

Charley snatched the envelope, and read it. Then he whistled.

"Ho! ho!" he cried; "this is gettin' interestin'! 'Humphrey Bassett, Esq.' eh? This is the young gentleman, then, that Miss Ollifant must marry if she wants to retain the estates. Ho! ho! I see!"

"And depend on it she and Captain Sanders understand each other, and he can't have a penny piece," I replied.

"Why not?" said my husband sharply.

"Because he's too free-handed with his money—that's why. He's a poor man, and she may have to marry the heir, Charley, after all."

"We shall see," he replied, as he quickened his pace. "Here's a shower comin', so step out, Lucy. Look alive! Well, this is a kettle of fish!"

* * * * * *

I will say this for Mrs. Jones: she doesn't bear ill-will for over-long. She grumbles, and wants a little ironing down—a something kind of work—but in the end, without any wrangling or mangling, you can turn her round your fingers just like an inch measure.

So it wasn't long before I managed to find out something about Captain Sanders. I'm not inquisitive, as all who know me tell me to my face; and if you can't believe that, what can you believe? But Mrs. Jones is rather chatty-like, being old, and she told me, after a while, how Miss Amy sat in the bordore waitin' for the captain (as she supposed) and how he came on horseback and stayed to lunch.

"Were they alone, Mrs. Jones?" I asked.

"Yes; for a few minutes at times; and then they looked at each other and said very little—though I couldn't have heard—and didn't want to hear, of course."

"They'll make a match of it; at least, so it strikes me, Mrs. Jones. You'll see!"

"Then there was the other one—Bassett. He came and inquired, only Miss wasn't 'at home'—so Mr. Fuller said, and he opened the door."

"Then Mr. Bassett didn't see Miss Amy?"

"No. Don't I tell you she gave out she wasn't at home? No more she wasn't! Her home's in Lincolnshire."

"How did you find that out, Mrs. Jones?" I said, to please her: for any one could read luggage-labels. "How did you manage all that?"

"Never you mind. You chits think us old people see nought. We do. Ah!"

"Silly old frump!" said I to Charley that night. "She imagines she's Mister Christopher's Colomberous, and has discovered a new world!"

The days passed. Captain Sanders came over pretty often, and many a day I've been up and found Miss Amy reclinin' by the window which had a view of the park gates, and watchin'. But after a while he ceased visiting, and then we didn't know what to think. So we waited. One day Mr. Bassett called again—but never any more.

The hunting season had commenced. Ladies and gentlemen in our parts —— out after wild "cubs," and had some "luck," as Charley calls it. One day he came up from the house, and in a minute I saw something had happened. A cub had been got away, or a fox had been shot, or something just as dreadful—I supposed.

"Whatever is it, Charley Farmer? Are you deaf and dumb? Can't you answer?"

"Hardly," he said, rousing himself. "It's bad news. The captain's dead, they say!"

"The captain! What captain? Not Captain Martyn-Henry?"

"He's a major now. No, it ain't him. It's the other—Captain Sanders, Lucy."

"Mercy on us, Charley! Poor Miss Ollifant! How did it happen?"

"He was thrown from his horse, near London, they say, huntin' with a 'drag.'"

"Riding, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course—in the 'drag,' across country."

"Well, what could he expect? Fancy any man in his senses taking a four-horse coach across the fields! Upon my word some men are as great geese ——"

"As some women, Mrs. Farmer! He was hunting with a drag scent—a plan to make hounds run when there is no fox. Do you understand me? His horse stumbled at a fence, fell, and crushed the captain! I am sorry for it."

"So am I, Charley. It's too bad! Mr. Cardewe away, too, and only the ladies at the Manor. Do they know?"

"They will soon, if they don't now. If he is dead they'll bring him to Weymouth, poor man, and have a military funeral, perhaps. I don't know, though."

"I will go over and see Mrs. Jones," said I, rising. "It's no harm, and I'm sure you'd like to hear the truth, Charley."

It all seemed true; and, so far as Charley and I found out, the captain was a dead corpse, until one day when I had to go to Winchester. I went, and was hunting for a nice second-class car in the train, when the guard said, "Jump in there, miss; look sharp!"

At the same minute he opened a first-class door and shoved me in as the train was moving.

I was rather flurried, being shoved in so suddenly, and when I came round again who should I see in a corner opposite but the dead man, Captain Sanders! It wasn't his ghost, for he had his arm in a sling, and ghosts never wear slings at all—at least, I never heard of one that did.

I was so taken aback at the appearance of the captain that I felt all of a tremble. He didn't notice me, but I noticed that a nice-looking lady, perhaps his mother or his aunt, was holding his arm in an affectionate way.

There was a most respectable old gentleman opposite with a Gladstone bag, and the initials "G. R. B." on it.

This old gentleman attracted my attention. I felt—I knew what Charley would say, but I didn't mind his teasing—I felt he was mixed up with the Manor, because he in some way reminded me of young Bassett, who had come after the estates. "Now," thought I, "if old Bassett insists, Miss Amy must lose her estate, which will all go to these people. So I turned the case over in my mind, and determined to watch the old gentleman. If he got out at Cardewe Station I would know he meant mischief.

He did. So did I. And who should leap out of a smoking-carriage but the younger Bassett himself, and joined his father, the old gentleman!

To my delight, Charley came to meet me, and when the Bassetts had driven off in the hotel omnibus, I told him.

"The play is commencing," he said. "Poor Miss Ollifant; it's hard lines for her! But after all, if the will says so, she must give up the estate. She is no worse off than she was."

"I don't like that young Bassett, Charley. He is a serpent. I am sure he's a slimy serpent, for all his fine manners and clothes. I wish I could beat him in this game."

"You are too prejudiced, Lucy," said Charley. "If he were a released convict, and he is entitled to claim the property, he may. He is quite right."

"I'll go to up to the Manor to-morrow morning, and see Mrs. Cardewe myself. I will warn her to tell Miss Amy that the enemy is already on the march!"

"You will only do something silly," said he—"Leave people alone."

"Yes, and much good that would be. Who saved Miss Mather's life? Didn't I tell the captain about the shaft-place? Didn't I get the picture for us, Charley? Didn't I scent the mischief in Mrs. Merriton's fire at Slapperton Regis? Didn't I warn you——"

"Oh, bother!" said Charley, in a temper; "do as you like, then; only don't drag me [illegible] you will end by becoming a perfect nuisance to the people by your inquisitive ways. You'll see."

"So will you, Charley Farmer; and next time I get a bank note and a picture for behaving sensible, you may whistle for them! You're not likely to get anything, I must say!"

Charley said nothing more, and the subject dropped. But I couldn't rest; and the next morning, in good time, I was off to the Manor, with little Charley, to tell Mrs. Cardewe as the Philistines was upon her. Altogether, there was plenty to think about, and it was very late when I went to sleep.

* * * * * *

As we walked along I saw nothing of the Bassetts, for which I was truly thankful; but just as I reached the park gates, a gentleman rode up. His right arm was in a sling. It was Captain Sanders.

"Goodness me, sir, how you frightened me!" I couldn't help saying it—not that I wanted any conversation—for I'm sure I know my place; but he replied, polite as the Prince—

"I am sorry I alarmed you, Mrs. Farmer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir; at your service."

"I am most fortunate in this meeting," he went on. (Ah, Charley! what did I tell you?" thinks I.) "Will you do me a favor? Listen, please. I only returned to Weymouth yesterday. I am staying with my aunt in the neighborhood. Do you know whether the ladies or Mr. Cardewe are aware of my recovery? My death was reported; but you understand the danger was great, and——"

"I think Mr. Cardewe must have found out, sir."

"So do I. At any rate, here I am. For fear of accidents, will you—yes, I will trust you, Mrs. Farmer—will you see Miss Ollifant, and tell her I have returned? You needn't say I asked you!"

"I could tell her of my own knowledge, sir, because I saw you in the train yesterday, with the lady and Mr. Bassett."

"Mr. Bassett! The man who claims the

estate? Surely not!"

"Surely so! He and his son are in the village, sir."

"He cannot mean to propose to her again," muttered the captain. "He is equal to anything, though."

Then I guessed that Miss Olifant had refused young Mr. Bassett when he came last time, and I said—

"He is indeed, sir; but I will hurry on and tell Miss Amy."

"Thank you," he said. "I will call in half an hour."

We hurried—little Charley and I—along the path, and in five minutes reached the house. I left Charley with Mrs. Jones' "help," and asked to see Mrs. Cardewe.

In a few moments I was shown up to her boodore. She was kind as ever. I do love her! Who can help it?

"Well, Lucy, you are an early visitor. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, ma'am. But I have something to tell you—something private. Do you know as Captain Sanders is alive and well again—or nearly well?"

"I know he is alive; but who told you he was so nearly well?"

"Himself, ma'am! He is here—close by in the Park—there, you can almost see where I left him, and he is coming to see you and—Miss Olifant."

"I must tell her at once. Of course, you will not mention anything of all this—even to your husband—at any rate, not at present. Will you ring for Sarah, please?—twice."

Sarah appeared, but didn't notice me much.

"Where is Miss Olifant?" asked Mrs. Cardewe.

"Gone out, ma'am, I believe."

"Out! Where? Riding?"

"No, ma'am; she's only in the Park, I think."

Mrs. Cardewe started up, and said, "Thank you; that will do, Sarah." Then to me, "They will meet."

"Well, ma'am, it's the ways of Providence. Better let them manage their own affairs. But I have something else to say to you, ma'am. The Bassetts——"

There was a knock at the door. Sarah came in and said—

"There's two gentlemen, ma'am, waitin' to see you or master. I said Mr. Cardewe was from home, so they want to see you. The name is Bassett."

"I will go down," said Mrs. Cardewe.

She went downstairs, and, of course, I followed, not being forbidden; and wasn't I a witness in confidence, too? But I had to remain in the ante-room—although the door was not shut close, so the voices reached me.

It would be no use to tell all I heard. They began with compliments, and were sorry, of course; but Mrs. Cardewe had to see that the claim they held—as already explained—was unassailable.

"There was only one alternative: if Miss Olifant would consent to retract her refusal to marry young Bassett, then the whole of the property might be hers, and he could enjoy the use of it, though settled on her family.

They paused, and Mrs. Cardewe said, very coldly and politely—

"I am afraid your offer cannot be accepted, Mr. Bassett. Miss Olifant has already expressed her views on the question. She is quite prepared to relinquish the estates."

"I'm glad to hear that," interrupted young Bassett. "It will save trouble. She'll be a beggar—and serve her right!"

"You are coarse, sir," replied Mrs. Cardewe. "Miss Olifant is well advised to refuse to see you. She is not in the house; but if she were——"

"Oh, that's the game, is it!" cried the young man suddenly. "She's got a fellow already!"

"What do you mean by such an observation, sir?" asked Mrs. Cardewe, very proudly.

"Look there; as if you didn't know!" he said rudely.

I turned to the window in the ante-room, as I suppose the others did in the drawing-room, and saw Miss Amy walking with Captain Sanders. The horse was walking beside him, the bridle hanging loosely from his arm—still in the sling—and she was gently resting her hand on the other.

They passed the window, glanced up—saw the people looking, I suppose. Miss Olifant blushed and hurried on. Captain Sanders came in at once, passed me without any notice, and strode into the other room. Then I ventured to peep in, for the door was wide open.

Mrs. Cardewe seemed very pleased to see the captain again; and he, after a few words, turned to the Bassetts, and said—

"I believe you gentleman have some claim upon the inheritance of Miss Olifant?"

"I should think we had," said the younger man.

"On what grounds, pray?"

"Well, that's pretty cool! Do you intend to dispute the will?"

"No, sir; but I may have something to say about it. Your claim depends entirely upon the truth of the report of the non-existence of Mr. Elliott, the next-of-kin. Yes; you know that. Then I may tell you that the next-of-kin is alive, and will claim the real estate!"

At this moment Miss Olifant came in shyly, and motioned to me to accompany her to the inner room. Of course I did. There were the Bassetts standing by the chimney-piece; Mrs. Cardewe was seated on the sofa, and Captain Sanders was standing beside her.

He smiled when Miss Olifant entered and went up to him. She kissed Mrs. Cardewe, and then caught hold of the captain's arm as if she had a right to it.

The Bassetts bowed. Young Bassett got very pale, and then very red. He seemed half mad, but kept his temper.

"Well, you'll have to prove your case," he said. "We will dispute it. Miss Olifant has made her choice—may she never regret it!"

"I never shall regret it!" cried the young lady. "You are quite welcome to the estate, if it be right you should have it. We may be poor——"

"Not altogether, dear," remarked Captain Sanders.

"But," continued Miss Amy, "poor or not, I have pledged my word. Let them have the estate, Cyril."

"Cyril!" exclaimed Mr. Bassett. "Not ——"

"Yes; Cyril Elliott, who was compelled to adopt the name of Sanders by the will of his kind benefactress. I am the legal owner of the Olifant property, Mr. Bassett!"

"You! Captain Sanders—Cyril!" exclaimed Miss Amy. "I never knew——"

"No, dearest. I reserved the claim until I had ascertained whether I had not another and a dearer claim—your affection. The question is set at rest now. Mr. Bassett, I am sorry for you; but you will find me not unwilling to atone to you for your disappointment."

"You can never do that, Captain Sanders," replied young Bassett sadly, glancing at Miss Olifant; "but I am much obliged to you, all the same."

This was so much more polite than he had expected that Captain Sanders crossed over and shook hands with the father and son.

"Come and see me in London," he said. "We will arrange something."

Then the visitors left. When they had gone, and I was going, Miss Amy said to Mrs. Cardewe—

"Did you know all this, dear?"

"Yes; we knew it on your birthday, but we thought it better not to interfere. It has all come about as we hoped and wished."

I went home with little Charley, and told my husband how it had all come right.

"So you see, Charley, I was not such a stupid as you said I was. I was quite right all the time!"

Charley at first only stared at me; but as he turned to get his pipe he remarked, in what he calls his "dry" way—

"My dear Lucy, when you are not right I shall expect the weather forecasts to be wrong! You are a miracle!"

Then I knew he felt I was right, and I got him a nice little supper to make it up to him, as I hate triumphing over a man.

The Young Artist.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

RAPHAEL RANDOLPH was one of those unfortunate young men of genius, whose lot it is to struggle with the most distressing embarrassments, before their talent is acknowledged—an artist who for many years found it difficult to obtain even the materials wherewith to work.

From his very boyhood, a love for the fine arts had been his passion and his bane—at once his solace and his torment. He had wasted away the golden hours of his youth in dreams of the bright ideal.

Wasted did we say? Pah! We are speaking in the commonplace language of this working-day world. His visionary fervor bore him onward through struggles that would have crushed a riper mind and a more robust body.

What reality was to others, imagination was to him.

Its purple light hovered over his head, and shed a gleam upon his way. Yet there were times when the rays of hope faded entirely away, and left him with all his genius darkling, like Milton, deprived of sight.

There were moments when the idea flashed upon him, scorching his heart and brain, and almost crazing him, that he had mistaken his abilities, that his pencil was destitute of skill, and his mind of genius, and that, despised by the contemporaries, he should go down to the cold grave, forgotten.

It is this fear, common to all men of true genius, which carries the bitterness of death with it, and which not even popular applause can banish.

The painter strode to and fro in his confined study.

It was crowded with pictures, because they were worthy of a purchaser.

Here was Venus, lovely as a poet's dream; there the bride of Neptune floating in her sea-shell.

In another corner frowned the gloomy countenance of a knight of the middle ages, clad in iron mail, with eyes following the movement of the artist who had called him to life, like the demon of Frankenstein, asking for a soul.

Noble and lady, warrior and priest, looked side by side from their mysterious canvas. You might lose yourself in the contemplation of battles, if you were of a military turn—of storms and shipwrecks, if you loved the sea—of Arcadian loveliness, if you were enamored of the land.

Over these the painter passed a hurried glance of pride; but he paused before one picture, and viewed it with the rapt gaze of love.

It represented a fair being—young—but yet a woman, soft and ethereal as the snowy cloud that floats over the blue sky of noon.

The rose tint melted on her pearly cheek, and her bright flowing locks cast a golden gloom upon her radiant brow. And from the mellow shade of those "amber-dropping" tresses, her lustrous eyes beamed forth with the very soul of tenderness. Her parted lips seemed ready to give utterance to the words of love.

It was such a picture, in short, as even genius is capable of producing only in moments of undoubted inspiration.

"Beautiful painting!" cried the artist, with pride; "thou art inferior only to thy bright original. Alas! that she should have crossed my path in a distant land, and then only for an instant—but that instant was enough to stamp her radiant image on my heart and brain for ever, to wear out only with my life! Oh, sunny Italy! when shall I revisit thy pleasant shore!—when shall I again bask beneath the cloudless sky of Florence the Fair? Yet it is not for love of thy masterpieces of art, of thy Eden of a climate, that I would tread thy shores again. No; though I hardly dare own it to myself—it is in the hope of meeting that angelic and unknown girl, and linking her destiny with mine."

Here he was interrupted in his wild soliloquy by the entrance of visitors—Mrs. Rivers and Captain Percy, Mr. Walter Mortham and his sister. The first object which met the eyes of Walter was the beautiful portrait which the artist justly regarded as his masterpiece. He uttered an exclamation of delight, and asked the painter if it were a fancy-piece.

Randolph blushed deeply, but answered in the affirmative.

"I thought it was a Venus," said Mrs. Rivers.

"And I that it was your portrait, madam," said the gallant Captain; "and was about to remark that, although the likeness was apparent, it was not very flattering."

Mrs. Rivers smiled, sighed, and cast down her eyes.

Venturing again to raise them, she encountered the glance of a friend of hers—a Miss Sallow—looking down upon her from a splendid frame, with a "green and yellow melancholy."

"So," said Mrs. Rivers, pointing to the portrait, "I see, Mr. Randolph, you have the ancient custom of serving up a death's head to your friends. Does that picture belong to Miss Sallow?"

"No, madam," replied the artist; "she refused to pay me for it."

"Why, pray?" asked the lady.

"Because it was a likeness, madam."

"A pretty person to patronize the fine arts!" exclaimed Percy.

"Nay, now, said Mrs. Rivers; "you mustn't say that, for anyone who looks in her face can see that she paints herself."

"Paints herself—very good!" cried the Captain. "Well, you must allow that she has some accomplishments. She plays on the piano."

"That's only to display her hands," said Mrs. Rivers. "She thinks their whiteness will compensate for her gamboge complexion.

"She's like a gold watch—yellow face and slender hands," said Walter."

"Like a repeater," suggested Mrs. Rivers, "for she never keeps a secret."

"Or like a repeater," said Walter, "because she's silent in company, or only sounds once an hour, to remind you of the time of day."

"Come, come, Walter," said Emily Mortham, "spare her, do! If you abuse her so much, I shall think you're in love with her. It is lucky for us that Mr. Epic isn't here, for he is an admirer of hers."

"He's the only person that admires her," said Walter; "and she is even with him, for she is the only person who admires him."

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Rivers, "you mustn't abuse my author."

"Author!" exclaimed Percy. "He's the author of nothing but facts; his wit is all borrowed."

While this conversation was going on, the poor artist stood apart, with folded arms, mortified to find that his pictures were of secondary consideration to the fashionable talkers.

Perhaps Emily Mortham, with a woman's penetration, read something of his feelings, for she pointed out some of Randolph's favourites to Captain Percy, and they examined them together.

Mrs. Rivers, who pretended to a taste for the fine arts, and had taken lessons in painting for a quarter, afforded Randolph the benefit of her criticism. She praised this picture and censured that, and was very learned on drawing and fore-shortening.

At length, leaning on the arm of Walter, she paused before the lovely head which the artist almost worshipped as Pygmalion did his statue.

"A fancy-sketch, I think you said," observed the lady, quietly, raising her glass and scanning the work.

The artist bowed.

"Well, well, I should have judged so, for the tints are out of nature; besides, who ever saw a woman with hair of that color and dark eyes united? But, notwithstanding, it is tolerable.

There are some touches which are really not bad. You want study and care, my young friend. I think I perceive evidences of haste in your composition. But don't be discouraged; I dare say you'll mend," she added, with an affable smile. Then she continued, addressing herself partly to Walter, "I must not forget that my errand here was to encourage, not to criticise. Pray, sir, have you any scraps?"

"What, madam?" asked the artist, with a bewildered stare.

Unwilling that his precipitation should ruin his chance of a market, Walter kindly explained that Mrs. Rivers wished to know if he had any vignette water-color sketches, suitable for ornamenting albums, &c.

"Think, my friend," said he, "have you no loose sketches in your portfolio?"

Randolph eagerly snatched a portfolio, and threw it open on the table. It was full of the most exquisite little designs—bridges, waterfalls, cattle, brigands' heads, fragments of Gothic churches, beautiful *morceaux*, which an artist loves to garner up. Mrs. Rivers examined them with the eye of a purchaser and a connoisseur, frequently appealing to the tortured artist to confirm the justice of her criticisms. The dialogue ran something in the following manner.

"Ha! this landscape is well done—very well. But don't you think it wants a wash of bistre in the foreground, and deepening of neutral tint upon the hills?"

"There is no doubting your judgment," said the artist.

"I think," continued the lady, "that your perspective is faulty. Care, my young friend, in these little details, and upon a small scale, is all-important. Depend upon it, you'll never rise without it. Mr. Tinto would never have retired on a fortune, if he had neglected them."

"Who, madam, was Mr. Tinto, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Oh! the gentleman who took likenesses by the *camera lucida*. "Well," she said at length, after having selected two or three sheets of sketches, what are these worth to you?"

"They are trifles, madam, hardly worth your acceptance."

"No, no—you mustn't talk in that way, young man. Professional men should never throw away their labor. Take this purse. I wish it contained more, for your sake: and," she added, with sentiment, perceiving that the artist was about to empty it, "keep the purse to remind you that you have one friend, at least, who sympathizes with your struggles."

The poor painter bowed in speechless gratitude. As soon as he was alone, he emptied the purse. It contained one dollar! So much for the patroness of fine arts!

But from the most trifling incidents—and, indeed, from incidents which are fraught with annoyance at the moment—do the most important events of our lives frequently spring. Those events decide our future destinies; and, as the stately oak may be traced to the acorn, so may gigantic fortunes frequently find their origin in petty grievances and apparently untoward adventures.

Mrs. Rivers took good care to spread the report that Randolph, the young artist, had achieved a "speaking likeness of Miss Sallow;" and hundreds visited the artist's studio to have a peep at the portrait of that lady. The resemblance was indeed great, and proclaimed the proficiency of our young hero in his art.

Business now pressed upon him, and engagements multiplied. He demanded what price he chose for his pictures, and in a short time he made a fortune. But, while he was thus engaged, he found time to paint the portrait of Mrs. Rivers, who ordered it when she found that he had grown famous; and perhaps it may be as well to add that she never thought of the slight necessity of paying for it.

And Randolph succeeded in all his undertakings, and wealth and honors awaited him; and, to crown all, he again encountered the lovely girl of whom he had been enamoured in Italy, and that beauteous creature became its bride.

The Cellar Mystery.

BY H. K.

DEAR JACK,—Can't you come and spend a few evenings with me? I have not seen you since we moved to the Isle of Wight. We have taken an old manor house (at least, it looks so to me), and are very comfortable. I won't have 'no' for an answer. Alice joins with me in asking you to come. Will meet you at Ryde Pier at five, and we will come down together.

"Yours as ever,

"FRANK LAWTON."

This letter I found among my correspondence one morning in the early part of September, a year or two ago.

After thinking it over, I decided to accept his invitation, and telegraphed to that effect, saying I would go on the following evening.

To-morrow soon came, and a warm, delightful day it was, with just a touch of approaching autumn in it to make walking agreeable.

At the appointed time I found myself at the waiting room, and with the throng that was awaiting the boat.

I looked in vain for Lawton; but just as the gates were closing, a man rushed down, and managed to squeeze through before they were drawn right.

I recognized my old friend in the nearly left passenger.

"Well, Frank, old boy, you are the same as ever—almost left. Why aren't you in decent time?"

"Is it you, Jack? Mighty glad to see you! How have you been?"

"All right, thanks. How is Alice?"

"Very well; but she thinks it is quite shabby that you have not been down before."

"My dear fellow, don't you know I have been away? I've only just arrived home."

We now ascended one of the side staircases, and made our way to the upper deck. It was one of those rarely beautiful evenings when nature seems determined that nothing shall be lacking.

The sun was slowly sinking behind a bank of low-lying clouds, while the sky was painted with colors that varied from

crimson and gold to the palest green, all melting into each other, and forming a picture of perfect loveliness.

"What a beautiful sunset! You don't often see one like that, do you?" I said, turning to Frank.

"No, indeed," he answered. "And you can see them on the boat better than anywhere else. I enjoy my trips back and forth."

Frank went on to tell me how he had come to settle down in the Isle of Wight, and what he intended doing with the old house he had made his home.

"There is one thing about it that is remarkable; it has one of the largest cellars I ever saw in a private-house. In fact," Frank continued, "it is just the place for a regular old-fashioned ghost. If it were not for the servants I would try and fake up a ghost story to make the place interesting."

"What does Mrs. Lawson say to that plan?" I asked, smiling at the thought of sheeted spectres at a spot not so many miles from the metropolis.

"Oh, I wouldn't tell her anything about it for the world. You know women are all alike on that point; can't stand anything super-natural."

By the time, however, we reached St. Horgon, every thought of bogy and hobgoblin was banished from our minds. When old friends come together, even after a temporary absence, they have much to talk about, and we were no exception to the general rule.

We found Lawton's dog-cart waiting for us at the wharf.

After a drive of about an hour, we turned into a driveway, passed a small cottage that served as a lodge, and on under a beautiful canopy of elms. At length we drew up before a long, low stone house. It was only two stories and an attic high, but spread itself into wings on each side.

Mrs. Lawton was standing in the doorway ready to receive us. She was and is one of the prettiest girls I know, with yellow hair and blue eyes.

She wore a white dress, with pale blue flowers on her bosom.

Dinner was soon announced, and after it was over we took a short stroll, completing the evening with whist.

Alice then retired, and Frank and I found ourselves once more alone, looking at each other through the smoke of a couple of good cigars.

"I say, Jack, come into the conservatory; it is cool there," said Frank.

"Is that the door to your celebrated cellar?" I asked, touching a door that looked as if it led down-stairs.

"Yes. There is only one door to the whole place. I'll show you it in the morning."

I thought the conservatory anything but cool; but as we drifted into an animated discussion, the heat was forgotten. Suddenly a cold wind swept through the open door, and put out my match.

"By Jove! Where did that gust come from?" exclaimed Frank, jumping up and walking towards the door.

The next moment we heard a heavy crash. It sounded like glass falling. At the same moment the door leading from the conservatory slammed to with a bang. It was immediately opened by Frank, who, quickly followed by myself, rushed into the dark hall.

"What has happened?" bawled Frank. "What fell just then?"

Dead silence followed these questions.

"Well, Jack, I am going to see if Alice is all right."

And Frank rushed up-stairs.

I stood in a small room adjoining the hall. There was a lamp in the apartment beyond, which enabled me with tolerable distinctness to see where I was. I moved quietly into the shadow and listened. I had not been five minutes thus, when I fancied I heard footsteps in the hall. Yes, there was no doubt about it; someone was stealing stealthily alone in the direction of the conservatory. I then heard Frank's footsteps descending.

"It is all right, Jack; it must have been the wind," he exclaimed, coming to where I stood.

I told him briefly that I was sure someone was in the conservatory. We at once went there, but found no one.

"It is mighty strange," I said, "I could have sworn someone was in the hall just now."

"Well, old man, there is no place to get out of here, you see."

"Unless he went into the cellar," I said, striking the door that had been pointed out as the one that led to the lower apartment, and which was situated not far from the conservatory.

"Impossible! It is always locked."

I took hold of the door-knob—it was open.

"Shall we go down?" I asked.

"Certainly. Wait a moment Jack; I will get a candle."

He then left me, but presently returned with a light.

"I will go first, Frank, because I am a bachelor, you know."

Thereupon I took the candle, and went down, closely followed by Frank. We diligently searched the cellar, but found no one. As we were about to go back, the candle, then held by Frank, was suddenly extinguished.

"Why on earth did you blow it out?" I asked, groping toward him.

"My dear fellow, I didn't do anything of the sort. How it was extinguished I don't know; but I think we had better get out of here just as soon as possible."

As both were of the same opinion, we reached the steps and made our way up-stairs.

We next carefully locked the door, and bade each other good night, Frank making me promise not to say anything about all this to Alice.

The next morning, after breakfast, we were met by one of the maid-servants with the news that the large mirror in the front room was broken in pieces.

Frank and I exchanged glances, but said nothing. We ascribed the disaster to every cause except what we believed the true one; and so the matter rested.

The next evening was cold and damp, with a mist-like rain at intervals. We were glad enough to find shelter once more at Cranisburn.

We did not play cards in the evening, but chatted till 11 o'clock. Then Alice departed, and left us smoking in the conservatory.

"Jack," said Frank, "this place is haunted. Don't you think so?"

"No," I answered; "but there was a man in here last night I am positive. There may be one in the house now. What do you say to making a thorough investigation of the cellar?"

"I am quite ready, and this time I will bring a box of matches."

"Well, then, let's go."

We went down the cellar steps, Frank carrying the candle.

Carefully we went over the ground. The cellar was shaped like the house—one large apartment, with two wings.

As Frank was passing what looked as if it had formerly been a wine closet, the candle was again extinguished. There was no mistake about it this time.

It was blown out. I was about to call to Frank, when I felt myself suddenly seized from behind.

It was so quickly done that I had no time to cry out.

At the same moment a sort of sticking plaster was thrown over my face. I am a strong man, but my invisible antagonist was stronger. I managed, however, to tear the plaster from my face and give a shout to Frank, who, unfortunately, had not yet succeeded in lighting his candle. My scream so startled him that it was some minutes before he could relight it, and all the time I felt myself slow being choked to death by that invisible friend.

At length one of the matches ignited; at the same moment the tight grip on my throat relaxed.

Frank now, with his relighted candle, came hurrying to where I lay prostrate on the floor. He said afterwards that he thought I was dead.

I managed, however, with his help to reach the steps and crawl up stairs. A little brandy soon revived me, and I told him what had happened.

You can be sure there was not much sleep for us that night. We first of all barricaded the cellar door, the only means, as far as we knew, of ingress and egress. We next got our revolvers, and determined to keep watch till morning, when we would, if necessary, batter the walls down, and discover what the secret of the cellar was.

Nothing more happened that night, and the next morning opened bright and beautiful. Frank now sent for a heavy sledge-hammer, and summoned the coachman, gardener, stable-boy, and one of the farm hands, and arming them with clubs, while he and I had our pistols, we all went into the cellar.

We began to sound the walls. At the extreme end of one of the wings our hammers revealed a hollow apartment. Hardly, however, had the gardener begun to use his pick-axe when a succession of blood-curdling yells came from behind the rocky wall.

Our men started and looked as if they would like to run. Determined to probe the mystery now and for ever, I picked up the fallen pick-axe and gave half a dozen good blows.

My action was inspiring, and the men went to work with a will. We soon had made a hole large enough for a man to enter. While we were deliberating who should go in, a tall figure, clad only in a shirt and trousers, rushed out.

"Stop!" I shouted, for the figure with incredible swiftness had nearly reached the cellar-steps—"or I'll fire!"

The man turned a wild face towards me, with eyes that had in them the fitful light of insanity, and with a half-animal snarl, made towards me. One of the men threw a rope over the poor creature's head, and we soon succeeded in binding him so that he was quite harmless.

We then examined the place in which he had been concealed, and found it quite a large apartment. It contained a stool and a bedstead. In one corner was a strong box securely locked.

We found, upon close investigation, that in our efforts to find the place we had broken down the secret door. What the room was originally intended for no one can say. I thought it must be a secret place to store wine; while Alice declared it was a dungeon.

We had the maniac taken to an insane asylum, and, after advertising for his relatives, took the money in the strong box, amounting to nearly five thousand dollars, to defray his keep at a private institution where he could have the best of care and attention.

Now my theory is that the maniac—Tom Jennings was his name—by some means or other had discovered the secret hiding-place. The property had been unoccupied for some time before my friend took it, and he had no difficulty in obtaining easy ingress. That Jennings was a miser no one could deny; but I think it was not till some time after he had made use of his secret hiding-place that he went insane.

In conclusion, I need hardly say that the secret hiding-place is one of the great attractions of Cranisburn, and is always shown to visitors, who can have their choice of thinking it a secret wine-cellar or an underground dungeon.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An old fellow, who had evidently seen better days, called at the Central Station, in Cincinnati, the other day, and applied for the position of assistant to the turnkey, his duties being to aid in cleaning the cellroom. He was given the place, and allowed a cot bed to sleep on and two 12½ cent meals each day. While engaged in his duties the other morning he noticed a woman in one of the cells, and, after a little talk with her, learned that she was the sweetheart of his youthful days. The spark of love was kindled anew, and the two agreed to get married, provided the charge of drunkenness, for which she had been committed, should be withdrawn.

Isaac W. Miner, aged ninety, an eccentric character, living alone at North Stonington, says he has arrived at his old age by a strict obedience to all nature's rules and abstemious habits. Among the first acts of his life after obtaining his majority was the deposit of $200 in the old Norwich Savings Bank. This sum of money has been allowed to remain on deposit for all these years without disturbance. The only entry on the book since the deposit of the money was made at about the close of the war, when the book was forwarded to the bank and the interest cast and added to the principal, at which time the total amount was over $6000. He persists in living alone in spite of the protest of his neighbors.

A cheerful funeral was evidently desired by the man whose wishes on the subject of mourning are thus recited in a Kansas paper: "It is my desire and request that none of that ugly, hateful, gloomy stuff called crape shall be tied to any door knob, gate, fence, furniture, outhouse, or any other thing or premises lately owned or occupied by me; also, that no person claiming relationship or friendship shall, on account of such death or demise, in any way drape or dress themselves in veils, dresses, drapings, trimmings, or any other term known to millinery, in the same hateful stuff, as a sort of advertisement and proclamation of themselves, rather than sorrow for the dead, which said mode of dress makes the handsomest woman look repulsive."

A new Boston cult that is just making its appearance here is what is called a "tight class," which has no reference whatever to the effects of alcohol. These classes are trained by a young woman, who is the exponent of the Delsarte theory in America and who has been through a course of training under Mlle. Delsarte, in Paris. The theory is that as the whole body is but an instrument of the mind every part and member needs to be trained to the most perfect freedom. Not one person in a hundred can make a gesture with the unconscious grace of a child or an animal for "the simple reason that an arbitrary volition is so impeded in each muscle that one controls every move artificially without knowing it." The idea of these "tight classes" is to break up this artificial control, and they derive the name from the fact that they wear tights while practicing, which is done under the eye of the young female exponent of the art.

An Italian who was travelling through the country about California, with a bear, which he had trained to wrestle and dance, stopped before a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after amusing the family with his performances obtained permission to stay all night. The bear was placed in the barn for safe keeping. During the night the family was aroused by a terrible noise in the barn. Some one was screaming "Murder! Help!" and apparently engaged in a struggle for life. The farmer hastened to the spot, followed by the Italian and others of the house, and found the same bear with a man in his embraces, hugging him tightly, while the poor fellow struggled frantically to escape. The bear was muzzled, and could do the man no serious injury, though he was very uncomfortably situated. The man proved to be a dishonest butcher, who had come to the barn to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he had stumbled over the bear, who had seized him and held him fast. The Italian, scarcely how matters stood, called out, "Hug him, Jack!" and the bear continued to hug him unmercifully until the farmer concluded that he had been sufficiently punished, when he was released. The story soon spread abroad, and the butcher left the neighborhood to escape the ridicule to which it subjected him.

THE reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.

Wasted Lives

are seen all around. This should not be so. All can get on well if they will but look out for the good chances which are offered. Those who take hold of our new line of business can make $1 per hour and upwards, easily and pleasantly. You can do the work and live at home. Both sexes, all ages. We start you free, and put you on the road to fortune. No special ability or training required. Any one can do the work. Write at once and learn all; then should you conclude not to go to work no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

ADAM'S KNIVES AND FORKS.—There are a number of things that the most fashionable and well-bred people now eat at the dinner table with their fingers. They are:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing or in a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the table-cloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stem on, as they usually are in the most elegant houses.

Bread, toast, and all tarts and small cakes.

Fruit of all kinds, except melons and preserves, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular people.

Even the leg or other small piece of a bird is taken in the fingers at fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

JAPANESE NOVELS.—The people of Japan are diligent readers, and circulating libraries are found in every town and city. Men go round with piles of novels on their backs. Stopping at the house of customers, they leave new parts of a series, or fresh books, and collect the old ones. Thus a reader will, week by week, receive a new pamphlet fresh from the printers, and to finish one book will be obliged to peruse fifty or sixty instalments. Nearly all of the common stories are illustrated.

A reader of Japanese novels soon learns to tell the characters by their faces and garb, for these faces are full of expression and faithfully portrayed. Yet to make recognition certain, the artist usually marks each character by giving his name, or the first syllable or initial of it. This is put in a small circle on his sleeve.

No matter how many persons are described by a writer, the reader easily recognizes the hero, the villain, and the people of lesser note.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

The Lessons of "Unser Fritz" Case.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned, simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing—the only reliances known to our ancestors.

These methods and remedies are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son you'r yeller and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good shaking up with some sas'parill'."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "the sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, contains 100 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly restore millions from untimely graves.

Our Young Folks.

THE "SPOTTED HOSS."

BY K. F. W.

WHEN Johnny Bonny sat by the smithy door he fancied that the blacksmith's hammer made a tune; and after he listened for a long time the "bang, bang, bang" seemed to say the words:—

"Down, down, diddle, O!
Riding is a riddle, O!"

"I'd like to ride," said Johnny one day.

"Some boys think they could do anything," said the blacksmith. "You couldn't stick on, Master Johnny!"

"I could!" Johnny boasted. "If I had a horse, I could ride to town."

The blacksmith was making the sparks fly out of a piece of iron. Suddenly they began to turn into round flakes of fire, and as they fell on the anvil they jingled, and Johnny saw that every spark was a gold coin.

"If you ride to town and come back to me again," the blacksmith said, "you shall have this gold."

"All right," said Johnny; "mind, that's a bargain. Give me a horse and I'll soon ride to town."

"Wouldn't a nice spotted hoss do for you?" said the blacksmith.

"Oh, yes, better than any other!" said Johnny.

"Then," said the blacksmith, "I'll send you one to-night."

Now Johnny Bonny knew a good deal about the fairies, because his sister, Mopsyanna, was learning to knit, and she never would do any knitting unless her grandmother told a fairy tale. Mopsyanna repeated all these tales to her brother, and they had quite made up their minds that the village blacksmith had something to do with the fairies.

He was a shrivelled little old man; the oldest people in the village said he had always been old, even when they were young. He could take hold of hot iron without being burnt; and the strokes of the hammer always seemed to say something over and over if one only listened long enough.

So Johnny was not surprised, though he was very glad, when the sparks changed into money, and when the blacksmith promised to send him a "spotted hoss."

That very night there was a noise in the shed which stood at some little distance from the house, and where granny kept her cow.

"John," she said, "what's that?—just take the lantern and go and see what that cow is doing."

Johnny went with the lantern, and found in the cow-shed a handsome brown and white horse. The horse was kicking the cow, and the cow was horning the horse. So Johnny ran back to the house and said that he had a beautiful horse from the fairies, and that he was to have a heap of gold to-morrow if he could ride to town.

Granny and Mopsyanna could not sleep all night—partly because of Johnny's good fortune, and partly because the cow was snoring very loudly in the kitchen, where she had been put for peace sake away from the horse.

In the morning Johnny rode off in grand style. The hoofs of the horse soon began to beat a sort of tune on the road; they seemed to be saying over and over again:

"Down, down, diddle, O:
Riding is a riddle, Oh!"

After a short ride, during which Johnny lost the bridle and held to the animal by the mane, they arrived at cross roads, where there was a finger-post. Suddenly the horse sat down and looked at the finger-post, as if he were considering which way he ought to go. Johnny slid down his back and rolled on the road; and when he got up the "spotted hoss" was nowhere to be seen.

Now, Johnny Bonny was not a boy who gave up when he got into difficulties.

He saw a donkey munching the nettles at the other side of the lane. It had no saddle on, but he scrambled up on its back and held Neddy tightly round the neck, and said, "Gee-up, Neddy; get along! I shall win my money after all, and outdoo the blacksmith. I never promised him what I was to ride on, so long as I rode to town."

Neddy shook his head, and rolled on the road with his four legs kicking in the air. When Johnny got up and brushed the dust off his clothes he could not see Neddy anywhere.

Next a huge dog came by, as if nobody owned him. Johnny got on his back and pushed him along.

"Get along, doggie!" he said. "I shall win my money yet. I shall ride to town on something."

But the big dog sat down by the ditch with his tongue out, panting, and his rider slipped from his back down into the water and set the frogs jumping.

His shoes and stockings were all wet, so he took them off, and thought there had been so many accidents that the safest thing he could do would be to ride to town on a stick.

There was a very nice stick lying where he had seen the dog last. But the moment he began to ride on the stick it went forward so quickly that he had to run as fast as he could, and hold it hard.

In this way, after miles and miles, when he was ready to drop with fatigue, he reached the town, and heard the noise of a blacksmith's forge. The man was singing while he hammered away:

"Down, down, diddle, O!
Riding is a riddle, O!
Play on the fiddle, O!
Johnny's got to town!"

"That song sounds as if it was about me, master," said Johnny, sitting down on a bench.

The blacksmith was curiously like the other one, but he was young—just what the other might have been fifty years before.

"That's just the way with you boys," said the blacksmith, holding the hot iron in his hand without seeming to feel it. "You think that you can do anything, and that everybody is thinking about you. Don't you happen to know that there are more Johnnies than you in the world—eh?"

Then he began again to sing about a boy named Johnny and a horse—his song being linked to a quaint old melody, while he hammered away:

"Oh, Johnny was proud when he rode a horse;
He couldn't stick on, so he's off, of course!
Down, down, diddle, O!
Riding is a riddle, O!
Johnny's in the middle, O!
Twenty miles to town!"

"Well," said Johnny, "if that song is not about me I don't know what is."

"The conceit of you boys!" cried the blacksmith. "You think nobody ever had a spotted hoss but you. Don't you see, the boy that the song is about tried a rocking-horse too? Spotted horses can turn into anything."

Now this revealed to Johnny that the fairy steed had changed its form every time he failed to ride it.

"Take my advice," said the blacksmith, "and if anybody offers you a spotted hoss again, don't have it. It is not an animal to be depended on."

"But I have won a heap of money," the boy said. "The blacksmith at our village said if I would ride to town, and then go back to him, he would give me heaps of gold."

"I hope you may find him," said the blacksmith. "Sometimes, you know, in our profession"—he said that very grandly—"when a boy is tiresome, watching us every day, we are glad to send him to a distance for a while."

This vexed Johnny. "Why do you say hoss?" he said. "Why don't you say horse?"

"Because I don't mean horse," said the blacksmith. "A spotted hoss is not exactly a horse—so don't make that mistake again."

It was a weary way for Johnny to go home; and, what was worse, he had to go home barefooted too.

When he reached the village he went up and down the street, and could not find the smithy. And the smithy was never in the village after that day.

Granny scolded Johnny for losing his shoes and stockings, and—what was harder still—she gave up telling fairy tales to Mopsyanna, and told stories about foreign countries and savages instead, till poor Mopsyanna expected to go out some day and meet a savage.

"You see," said granny, "the fairies play tricks, so it is better to have nothing to do with them. You think you outwit them, and they outwit you. You have dropped a stitch, Mopsyanna, and you must pick it up at once; and let us not talk of the fairies."

THE DAY OF THE SHOW.

BY E. H. CUTHELL.

"KIT KEYES has come home," said Mrs. Boyce to her young son Duke one day. "I saw her last night as I went past the house."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Duke; "and I'll go up at once and see her."

Duke and Kit were just the same age, and had long been friends. Kit had been to stay with an aunt of hers.

She went for a week, but her aunt kept her a whole month.

Lots of times, when Duke felt dull, he would wish Kit was back, so that he could have a game with her, or a nice long walk and talk.

She was just as glad to see him as he was to see her, and she had such lots to tell him, and new books to show him, but best of all was the gift her aunt gave her the day she left, and that was a small white doe.

"Is she not a pet, Duke?" said Kit; "just look at her long hair! I am to get a comb, aunt said, to comb it with, to keep it nice and smooth."

"Yes, she's first class," said Duke; "I should not mind if your aunt gave me one like her."

"She is quite young still," said Kit; "but aunt says in a few months' time I ought to send her to a show, and try and get a prize with her."

"Let us go now and see her hutch," said Duke.

"She has not got a good one yet," said Kit; "but Smith is to make her a nice one in a few days' time. It is to stand by this high wall, which will keep off the east wind, and it will be made to stand high up from the ground, so that it shall not be damp."

"Let me have her for a short time," said Duke, as he took her out of Kit's hand, and felt her nice soft fur. He set her down on the grass at his side, and kept hold of one ear for fear she should run off, whilst Kit went to get her some food.

Kit gave her doe the name of Snow-ball, and she soon grew so tame that she would eat out of Kit's hand, and Kit grew more and more fond of her.

As for Duke, he came up each day to see her, and would tell Kit what he thought it was best for her to feed her on; he had a book at home which gave him lots of good hints, and with its help he made up a list of things that Kit was to give her each day in the week.

One day she was to have oats plain, and some dry hay, the next day oats and tea-leaves, or some green food and bran or corn, but she had to eat up the bran first and then the green food, for if she had them at the same time she would eat up the greens, and play with the oats and waste them, and too much green food was not good for her, and so on.

One thing that Mrs. Keyes had said when Kit came home, and that was that Kit must see to Snow-ball herself, and that no one but Kit was to feed her.

She knew her child's great fault was to say she would do this or that thing, and do it for a few days, and then leave it off. Once she had a bird, and first she took great care to clean its cage each day, and give it lots of food to eat, but one day Mrs. Keyes heard it chirp, chirp in such a strange way that she went to look at it, and found the poor thing had no seed at all in its glass, and so Mrs. Keyes had to see to it.

Mrs. Keyes felt it was not right to let her go on like this, and she told her that if she did not take great care of Snow-ball she would have to send her pet back to her aunt.

A month went by, and Mrs. Keyes was glad to find that so far, day by day, Kit had fed and seen to Snow-ball.

Duke Boyce now had to go to school for the first time; he was sent to the town of Glade, ten miles off. Though he felt it grand to go to school like a big boy, still he did not like to leave Kit and Snow-ball.

But Duke had not been gone long when Kit grew slack in her work: now and then she was an hour or more late with Snow-ball's food, or she would give it a lot at one time to last for two, and so on; and though she did not see the harm of it, Snow-ball soon grew ill, and would mope in her hutch, and not care to play or eat her food; and one day as Mrs. Keyes went past the hutch she heard the poor thing sneeze three or four times; it had a bad cold in its head, and was grown quite thin.

Smith the groom came up just then, and said, "I don't think Miss Kit sees to Snow-ball as she ought to do. Shall I look to it, ma'am?"

"Yes, Smith, I wish you would," said Mrs. Keyes. "Take her home with you, but don't tell Miss Kit you have done so."

Smith took Snow-ball home, and for some time he thought she would die, but he kept her warm in his house, and would coax her to eat with a nice piece of swede or a dish of warm meal, and dose her with all kinds of things, and bathe her nose, and at last she grew well once more, but she was thin and weak for some time.

Mrs. Keyes told Kit she had to send Snowball off, for she found she was ill, but she would not tell her where.

Duke came home for two days just at this time, and Kit felt it hard to tell him what had come to Snow-ball.

Duke was so fond of her, and he had heard the show was to be held in six week's time, and felt so sure that Snow-ball would be at it.

Yes, it was a sore point for Kit too; and when the day of the show did come round she did not want to go to it, but Mrs. Keyes said she must. Mrs. Keyes had sent some fowls to it, and she heard she had a prize for some of them.

They went to look for these first of all, and at last they found them, and at the same time they met some friends who spoke to them. As Kit stood by to wait for Mrs. Keyes her eyes caught sight of a hutch just like what hers had been.

She gave a start and ran to it, and there in it she saw her own dear Snow-ball. Yes, there was no doubt of that, for Snow-ball's name, and her own name, "Miss Kate Keyes," were on the card on the hutch, and best of all, there were these words too, "First Prize."

Mrs. Keyes came to her just then, and told her that Smith must have that prize, for it was he who had had charge of Snow-ball at this time, and but for him she would have died; but if she kept her word, and took care of her, she might have Snow-ball home once more.

HOW THERMOMETERS ARE MADE.—If thermometers were all of uniform calibre, and were regulated accurately, there would, of course, be no difference in their readings. But the fact is that many are imperfectly made and carelessly regulated, and these, of course, will give widely differing results.

The first point in the construction of the mercurial thermometer is to see that the tube is of uniform calibre throughout its whole interior. To ascertain this, a short column of mercury is put into the tube, and moved up and down, to see if its length remains the same through all parts of the tube.

If a tube whose calibre is not uniform is used, slight differences are made in its graduation to allow for this. A scale of equal parts is etched upon the tube; and from observations of the inequalities of the column of mercury moved in it, a table giving the temperatures corresponding to those divisions is formed.

A bulb is now blown on the tube, and, while the open end of the latter is dipped into mercury, heat is applied to the bulb to expand the air in it. This heat is then withdrawn, and the air within contracting, a portion of the mercury rises in the tube and partly fills the bulb. To the open end of the tube, a funnel containing mercury is fitted, and the bulb is placed over a flame until it boils, thus expelling all air and moisture from the instrument.

On cooling, the tube instantly fills with mercury. The bulb is now placed in some hot fluid, causing the mercury within it to expand and flow over the top of the tube, and when this overflow has ceased, the open end of the tube is heated with a blow-pipe flame.

To graduate the instrument, the bulb is placed in melting ice; and, when low as it will, note is taken of its position as compared with the scale on the tube. This is the freezing point; it is marked as zero on the thermometers of Celsius and Reaumur, and as 32 deg. on the Fahrenheit class. To determine the boiling point, the instrument is placed in a metallic vessel with double walls, between which circulates the steam from boiling water.

A DAY'S FISHING.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

IT was a round pool; and Tommy said that it was full of fish, though no one had ever caught one there.

"I shall get a rod and fish for them," said Molly.

"You will not catch any unless you have a Japanese hat, said Tommy. "I am going to buy one to-day." And he chinked the money in his pocket, as much as to say, "It is easy for me to buy hats, or anything else."

And Molly had only five cents, and she gave a great sigh.

"I cannot buy a Japanese hat, for I haven't enough money."

"I shall buy two," said Tommy, with a pompous air; "and I shall give you one."

Tommy and Molly went to the shop to buy the Japanese hats.

When they returned they seated themselves on the bank.

"I can't see at all," said Molly. "My hat slips over my face."

"That doesn't matter" said Tommy; "you will feel if the fishes bite."

Tommy had tilted up his hat on one side.

He sat for some time in silence, and then he suddenly jumped up, and down went his rod with a splash into the water.

"What is it?" asked Molly. "Have you had a bite?"

"I've quite forgotten about the bait," said Tommy.

"So have I," said Molly, taking out her line.

"How stupid!" said Tommy. "Japanese hats are of no use if one has not any bait."

"We shall lose part of our day's fishing," said Tommy, but we must get some bait.

And so they went and got some.

But they did not catch anything, and in the evening they went home.

"Where have you been all day?" said the father.

"Fishing," answered Tommy.

"What have you caught?"

"Nothing," replied Molly.

"Where did you fish?" asked the father.

"In the round pond by the willows.

Then the father began to laugh. "You foolish children!" said he; "your were not likely to catch anything, for there is not a single fish in the round pond!"

HE MET HIS MATCH.—A certain well-known railway contractor has the reputation of looking after the minor details of his great business with a keen eye. One morning, while out inspecting the work that was being done on a railway, he picked up a stray bolt lying by the side of the line. Then he walked to where the men were working on the road.

"Look here," he called out to one of the workmen; "how is it that I find bolts lying about wasted? I have to pay for these things, you know."

"Why, where did you get that, sir?"

"I found it a little way up the line here."

"Oh, did you?" cried the workman. "I'm much obliged to you, sir, for I've been hunting for that bolt all the forenoon. I knew there was one missing!"

The august contractor concluded that he could give that workman no points on economy, and left in silence.

WOMEN WORKERS.—Three million women in the United States work for money. Of these, six hundred thousand are agricultural laborers, mainly in the cotton fields of the South; six hundred and forty thousand are employed in manufactories, while five hundred and thirty thousand in the laundries of the country insist that the Chinese must go; two hundred and eighty thousand are milliners, and two hundred thousand find employment as dressmakers, sixty thousand earn their bread in the tailor shops, and six hundred and ninety thousand are saleswomen, teachers, telegraph operators, type-writers, book-keepers, type-setters, and nurses. There are two thousand five hundred female physicians.

PERHAPS about as odd a prize as was ever contested for is one offered by the New York State Sportsmen's Association for their coming annual meeting. It is a coffin, valued at $65, and is offered by an eccentric coffin manufacturer of Oswego, N. Y.

EVERY time I speak cross and impetuously I'm weakening my nerve power and adding to the misery of others.

THE DAY'S BRINGING.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Fair day, I deemed you full of woe,
I said you had no warmth nor glow,
I called you barren, and now see
The gracious gifts you brought to me.
O happy day, the sky o'erhead
May droop, look leaden, dark and dead,
But in my heart reigns such delight
I'm careless of all outside blight.

You've come with both hands full, at last,
You've brought the bread that once I cast
Upon the stream, with scarce a thought
'Twould e'er again to me be brought.
You've taught me how to cling to Faith,
Nor lose my courage when the wraith
Of Pain comes flattering by my door,
You've shown me Love lives evermore!

And I was wrong to mourn it lost,
Because my hopes awhile were crossed;
And then to think 'twas but this morn
I cried that Joy had surely sworn
To never keep me company.
Back of the clouds I could not see
Its sun shine on in undimmed power,
I feared the skies would always lower.

But I'll not doubt again, sweet day;
I'll gaze beyond the mists and pray
For strength to stem the turgid tide,
With trustful patience I will bide
What time the Father bids me wait,
He will not leave me desolate.
For when I judged the day most drear,
I found the light was then most near.

A BOTTLE OF INK.

It was a wet and windy day, cold and cheerless. We have called for paper, pen, and ink. The landlady of the lodgings has admitted her poverty in this particular, and the domestic has been dispatched through the rain to the nearest stationer's; and she has returned with a small bottle of ink and a pen and holder, for which she has laid out five cents.

The letter is written and lies ready to be despatched. As the rain continues to fall, the recent purchase comes under notice. A five cent bottle of ink! There can be nothing remarkable in so common-place an article.

Have we not seen them in the stationer's shops, heaped together in a corner of the window, or on a back shelf—rough, dingy, uninviting objects! Why waste a moment of time or a passing thought over such merchandise? But the rain keeps us within doors, and affords an excuse, in the absence of other amusement, for turning to this humble purchase.

Whatever else it may be, it cannot, with justice, be classed as a dear purchase. The shopkeeper presumably made a profit on the sale, the manufacturer also benefited, and most likely there was a middle man, who has not gone unrewarded. It would appear that our purchase of this small bottle has assured a momentary profit to two, if not three, tradesmen. When we come to think of it, there must be many others who have shared in our five cents.

Examining it, we find: The bottle; the ink, black and fluid, and exceedingly pleasant for writing; a cork sealed with wax; a printed label, covering a slot in the bottle, in which rests a wooden pen-holder, containing a good steel nib.

Thus we have six articles, each one from a different source, brought together and retailed for five cents. How can it be done for the money? Perhaps, if we examine still closer, we may get some insight into the secret, though to fathom it completely must necessarily be beyond us.

The glass of the bottle is of the cheapest quality. It is evidently made of "cullet"—a technical term for broken windows, tumblers, bottles, and every description of fractured glass. The molds have taxed a more than ordinary intelligence.

It needs a rare mechanical mind to produce even a common bottle. The pattern-maker, the iron founder, and the mechanic who finishes the rough castings, have all brought their special tact and knowledge to bear before a single bottle could be produced.

Next, the ink. The "unspeakable Turks" have stripped their oak-trees of the gall nuts, of which all black inks worthy the name are made; the hardy north countrymen on the Tyne have furnished the best copperas; there are brokers, dealers, and drysalters, with their clerks, porters, and the dock laborers; there are the chemist, who blends the chemicals, and the ink-boilers, who have made the ink; there are the men, boys, or girls who pour it into these small bottles and in other ways prepare it for sale—everyone one of whom has had a portion of our five cents.

The cork is so small as almost to escape notice. Workmen have stripped the bark from the cork tree, after ten years' growth; other brokers have sold it at public auction; the skilful cutter has shaped it with his sharp knife—and all these have found their reward in a portion of our five cents.

If the cork was small, what shall be said of the seal upon it? In this minute dab of wax we have resin from at home, shellac from India, a pigment for color, and other ingredients known only in the mystery of wax making. These—not forgetting the manipulator's wages—have all been paid out of our five cents.

The label suggests the paper-makers, and we might go further back to the type-founder and compositor, the printer and the cutter-out and gluer, each one participating in our five cents.

Now for the pen and the holder. There is a handle of hard wood, a tip to hold a pen, and a steel nib. It would be hard to say where the wood came from—probably from the West—or to conjecture through how many hands it passed before reaching the shaping machine, a beautifully constructed piece of mechanism, that splits and fashions it into its present polished cylindrical shape.

The tip, or holder, has engaged the skill and intelligence of a tool-maker, who has designed cutters to pierce the soft sheet steel, and other tools to bring it to its proper form—possibly through some half-a-dozen processes in heavy and costly presses. The steel itself has passed through many hands before reaching these artificers, and on leaving, passes through others to be hardened.

The nib also owes its existence to the united labors of a similar army of workers and all these, every one, has had a portion of our five cents.

Though the portion claimed by each of the workers concerned in this bottle of ink must be exceedingly minute, the fact remains—the five cents has paid them all. "It is the quantity that pays;" yet that which rules a thousand gross, regulates in its degree the single bottle drawn from the bulk.

How many profits can our five cents have paid? From first to last, here, there, everywhere, all over the world, are the workers, direct and indirect, without whom our five cent bottle of ink could not be. Who shall number them?

It avails more to the workman that he be sober, industrious, and honest than that he be well taught in many branches of learning; to the business or professional man, that his honor be above suspicion is a more momentous matter than that he should have passed throug the fullest curriculum. And, as the nation is made up of individuals and her welfare is consonant with theirs, it is equally true that a country's prosperity depends far more upon the character of her citizens than upon any other quality whatever.

Grains of Gold.

God only looks to pure, and not to full hands.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Faith is not a belief that we are saved, but that we are loved.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.

Strength is like gunpowder; to be effective it needs concentration and aim.

Pride and weakness are Siamese twins, knit together by indissoluble hyphen.

What fate imposes, men must needs abide; it boots not to resist both wind and tide.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame, the constant training for a glorious strife.

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven.

We see time's furrows on another's brow; how few themselves, in that just mirror, see!

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

Femininities.

Even beauty cannot palliate eccentricity.

Honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

An Albany reporter writes of "a quiet but effective wedding."

Time's chariot-wheels make their carriage road in the fairest face.

Door-step babies in Topeka, Kan., are called "circumstantial infants."

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure is truth.

We speak of educating our children. Do we know that our children also educate us?

Professor: "What is lava?" Junior girl: "What men put on their faces when shaving."

Whilst out walking the Princess of Wales and her daughters now carry silver-headed canes.

Woman is the Sunday of man. Not his repose only, but his joy. She is the salt of his life.

A housewife's little joke: "Now, Mary, see if you can get the table all set by the time I am ready to help you."

The dog of a Waldoboro, Me., woman recently mistook his mistress' false teeth for a bone and devoured them.

Mr. Blinks: "What beautiful teeth Miss Brown has!" Miss Sharp: "Yes, I think this set much nicer than her others."

Turks carefully collect every scrap of paper that comes in their way, because the name of God may be written thereon.

Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.

That tuneful nymph, the babbling Echo, who has not learned to conceal what is told her, nor yet is able to speak till another speaks!

We must avoid fastidiousness. Neatness, when it is moderate, is a virtue; but when it is carried to an extreme it narrows the mind.

In several States in the Union a woman cannot make a will; but she always has one, for all that, no matter in what State she may be found.

One reason why the girl of the period knows so little about housekeeping is because the young man of the period could not be persuaded to court in the kitchen.

"Is Mrs. Fullbloom a widow, Charlie?" "She's a widower." "A widower! How can that be?" "She's been a widow twice. Once more will make her a widowest."

The girl who has fine teeth may not have a keener sense of humor than other women, but you can depend on her to show all the appreciation she has of a joke or a funny story.

There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny; nothing which is uttered with more ease; nothing is listened to with more readiness; nothing dispersed more widely.

At a recent wedding so many flowers were used that their perfume made the air heavy and the company languid. There is danger of excess even in the use of spring flowers.

"I love you with a deep and undying affection," he sighed. "Can I hope that the affection is returned?" "Why, cert'n'y," she calmly responded. "I have no particular use for it."

There is a well-patronized slave market in Cabul for the sale of slaves brought from Kafristan. Girls bring higher prices than women, and are sold according to height. Only Mohammedans are allowed to buy.

In New York recently a man struck his wife with a poker, the point of which penetrated her heart, causing almost instant death. He acknowledged the deed, and said he committed it because his wife was drunk and abusive.

It is a great bond of sympathy when a mother talks to her children about as many of her own affairs as she can fittingly discuss with them, and endeavors whenever she possibly can to enlist their aid therein. This may give a little trouble, but it is highly beneficial—to girls especially.

She: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Perkins? You seem to be wearing a rather disgusted look this morning." He, with a sigh: "Yes. I don't compwehend what ma meanthe, but she thays as Fetwerawy is paust and I haven't 'ad a pwopo-sal I shall 'ave to go into thum 'orrid twade."

The head nurse of the Children's Hospital in London asserts that six qualifications are necessary for a good nurse, viz.: "Gentleness, accuracy, memory, observation, forethought and presence of mind." It may be added that the same qualities are necessary in the make-up of a good wife or mother.

Girls, avoid a loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice; extravagances in conversation—such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "loads of time, "don't you know," "hate" for "dislike," etc.; yawning when listening to any one; talking on family affairs, even to bosom friends; attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

In order to guard against grave robbers a man in Indiana buried his daughter in a casket which contained two pounds of dynamite. The other day his wife died, and great difficulty was experienced in employing men to dig the new grave beside that of the daughter for fear of an accidental explosion, and many people refrained from attending the services in the churchyard for the same reason.

This story of a queer dream and almost literal fulfilment comes from Chicago: "A lady dreamed she was standing at the front door of her house. A tall man with a long, flowing beard, passed up the street scanning each number as he passed. He came back, stopped at an adjoining house, and attached crape to the door. Two days after a death actually occurred in that house, and the undertaker exactly corresponded in description with the man whom the lady had seen in her dream."

Masculinities.

The Pope is a careful reader of the daily papers.

Tight boots and tight men make woes innumerable.

The man who pauses in his honesty wants little of a villain.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh.

As a general thing the man who is full of himself finds his appetite unappeased.

"Honesty is the best policy," but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.

Control your feelings and temper. Stop before you commit any act that may cause you regret.

A sagacious person will sometimes behave like a fool by being irritated into an argument with one.

The lunatic, a species of earnest and often most respectful fool, is generally wholly without humor.

A Minnesota clergyman was announced to preach a few Sundays ago on "The Influence of Man's Ideas of God on Their Liver."

"Shall I have your hand?" said Edward to Angelina, as a dance was about to begin. "Yes, with all my heart," answered Angelina.

The young man who pays strict attention to the church bell has a good many chances of escaping the chimes of the police wagon gong.

If he could only see how small a vacancy his death would leave, the proud man would think less of the place he occupies in his lifetime.

"Eight out of every ten men are bald," said a barber recently, "and I can only account for it by the food adulteration so common nowadays."

A Chinaman named Ah Lin has been placed on the pension list. He served as a "landsman" in the navy at San Francisco during the rebellion.

In Turkey the disappearance of the sun at night is accounted for by the periodical retirement of that pious luminary for prayer and religious reflection.

Young wife: "I wonder why the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of cake I made, and——" Young husband: "That accounts for it."

San Francisco has the reputation of being "a man's city," and of having fewer homes and fewer children in it, in proportion to population, than any city in the United States.

Wife, to third husband: "If you feel so unwell, John, I think we had better send for my old family physician." Third husband, somewhat hastily: "No, my dear; I would prefer to send for some one else."

She, blushing slightly: "Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for headache." He, with monumental stupidity: "A headache is something I have never had."

Every point in which a man excels, every virtue which he cherishes, every good habit which he acquires, every beauty of spirit to which he attains, will make his friendship purer, stronger and more worth having.

The following order was received by a grocer in Kentucky: "Please send me by the barrer 2 lbs. coffey, 1 lb. shooger, a pint of whisky & a box of tax. My wife had a baby last night, also a lb. of nails & a munkey runch."

Women in New York are reported to be taking readily to the custom of dispensing with male escorts in theatre-going and the like, and depending upon each other or upon some older person of their own sex for chaperoning.

A new rule for removing a cinder in the eye is given by an engineer. It is: "Let the injured eye alone and rub the other one, and the cinder will be out in two minutes." It is a simple remedy, though it sounds unreasonable, and worth trying.

Perhaps the reasons why many people dislike to be called old is because of the little they have to show for the years they have lived. A man ought to be ashamed to die until he has done something to justify his having been in the world at all.

A five foot-five young man in Iowa was ridiculed by companions into breaking his engagement with a five-foot-ten young lady, until her six-foot brother stiffened up his backbone by well-defined threats to break it if the marriage didn't take place.

A plausible rascal so imposed upon the members of a church in Troy, N. Y., that they fitted him out with a supply of comfortable garments, whereupon he went and got married, the clothing furnished by the charitable people serving as a wedding wardrobe.

They tell strange tales out West, as, for example, this: An old man in Walla Walla had become so dried up by the atmosphere that in attempting to jump over a fence recently the wind caught him under the coat-tails and he floated to the roof of a house half a mile away.

What a lesson, indeed, is all history and all life to the folly and fruitlessness of pride! The Egyptian kings had their embalmed bodies preserved in massive pyramids, to obtain an earthly immortality. In the seventh century they were sold as quack medicines, and now they are burnt for fuel!

The Mikado of Japan is the 121st of his race, and is believed by himself and subjects to be descended from the gods. As the national religion, Shintoism, recognizes 8,000,000 gods and saints, there appears to be no good reason why every Jap should not be allowed to brag of equally illustrious descent.

A man in Oglethorpe county, Ga., who works at the trade of blacksmithing, never being blessed with a son to help him in his shop, has a daughter who well supplies the deficiency. She wields the sledge with a grace and power that would put many members of the sterner sex to shame, and withal is described as a most attractive young woman.

Recent Book Issues.

Whist playing is becoming so very fashionable in society that it has now a literature of its own. The latest contribution to this is a most excellent book entitled "The Laws and Principles of Whist" by Cavendish. This is a most thorough treatise and guide for the study of this game. Its rules and decisions cover every possible circumstance, and for lovers of the science is a most complete and useful work. Published by Stokes & Bro., New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price 75 cents.

H. H. Warner, Esq., of Rochester, New York, recently delivered an address before the Chamber of Commerce of that city. Mr. Warner is president of the body, and his remarks which, teemed with wise business suggestions not only for that city, but also other centres of trade and industry, have been published by the Board in neat pamphlet form. Mr. Warner—who, as is well known, is the head of the Safe Bitters and other famous proprietary medicines—is one of the most intelligent, liberal and progressive citizens that the great State of New York has given to the country.

There are no volumes in the highly successful "Ticknor's Paper Series" of more value and interest and popularity than those issued in the month of March, which include one of the best of Fawcett's New York novels and one of the latest and choicest of Howell's Italian romances. They are beautifully printed, in large clear type, and on fine book paper. The latest volume is "Indian Summer," by William D. Howells; an exquisite story of American life in Tuscany. The general sensation of life in Florence is reproduced with delicate art, and to those who love the City of Flowers the book will have an inexhaustible charm. Price per number, 50 cents.

"From West to East" is a series of poems by Henry Rose, a young English poet, who is beginning to draw much attention to his work abroad. The pieces are disconnected and justify their title by passing in subjects from the fields of Britian to the land of the Ottoman. The verses on pastoral subjects are in the spirit of true poetry. They have freshness and beauty of thought; the language is appropriate and simple, while the rhythm is smooth and flowing. In his more ambitious attempts Mr. Rose meets equal success, although it would seem that doing so well in what is evidently his favorite field, he would care little about wandering from it. The book is beautifully printed and bound. Published by David Stott, 370 Oxford street, London, England.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

There are two articles among the good things in the April *Quiver* that will attract the particular attention of American readers. One is on the Rev. William Morley Punshon, LL. D., who is so well known in this country by his printed sermons, and the other is on the rise of special missions in the Church of England, being in the form of an interview with the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken. To take the features of the number in order, there is to begin, a "Fragment on the Gate of Life." "So Tired" is the title of a hopeful paper by Rev. W. M. Statham, and the "Unopened Letter" is a touching story by Rev. P. B. Power. Then there are descriptive articles, such as "Among the South Sea Savages," "The Friend's Colony in the Far North." Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* has as a frontispiece a portrait of Amelie Rives, authoress of the number's complete story, "The Quick or the Dead?" It is a story of great imaginative power, "Some Days with Amelie Rives," is contributed by an intimate friend. The fourth instalment of Judge Tourgee's serial, "With Gauge and Swallow," tells a remarkable story of sleep-walking under the sub-title of "The Letter and Spirit." Joel Benton puts in a plea for "The Endowment of Genius," and Thomas Leaming discusses "Western Investments for Eastern Capital" in a plain, practical, business way. There are poems by Daniel L. Dawson and R. T. W. Duke, Jr. In "Our Monthly Gossip" a deal of curious information is given in answer to queries, and the Prize Questions are continued with a fresh instalment of twenty. Book-Talk discusses Realism and Idealism and reviews current novels.

The Magazine of Art for April has as its frontispiece a photogravure after a painting by Luke Fildes, called "The Venetians." The opening paper on the "Language of Line," by Walter Crane, takes "Outline" as its special subject. "The National Art and the National Gallery," by James D. Linton, is another suggestive paper. The second article on the "Forest of Fontainebleau," gives the winter aspect of that splendid bit of nature, and is cleverly illustrated. The first of a series of papers on "Art Patrons" begins with Pericles. A reproduction of G. F. Watt's "Love and Death," from a red chalk drawing by the artist, is given a full page. There is an interesting article, fully illustrated, on the "City Art Gallery of Manchester," by John Forbes Robertson, father of the famous family of actors, and other interesting features. The notes at the end of the number are full, and cover everything of importance that has transpired in the art world, since the last issue of this valuable magazine. Cassell & Co., N. Y.

CURIOUS FINDS.

Cats in their hunting expeditions sometimes meet with an untoward fate. As some workmen were felling timber they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity, in which were the remains of a cat.

The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy colour yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown around it.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drommling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing the skeleton of a man in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knees, were perfect. By its side was a powder horn, a porcelain pipe bowl, and a silver watch. It is conjectured that while engaged in hunting he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died from starvation.

Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind, a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an augur hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a wooden plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber merchant's workshop; this was the skeleton of a bird embedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all around the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture into it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found. The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably, at the lopping of a branch, a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird was enclosed seems difficult to imagine.

MAJOLICA AND ITS ORIGIN.—The earliest attempts to make a compact stoneware with a painted glaze seem to have originated with the Arabs in Spain about the ninth century. From there the art was taken to the Island of Majorca, where it was carried on with great success; and as the first specimens of this ware seen in Italy were brought from this island, they received the name of Majolica.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries this ware was much made in Italy, where it was in great favor. At first the art of covering the ware with a tin enamel, as used by the Saracens in Majorca, was not known in Italy, but about 1438 Luca della Robbia discovered the secret.

During the fifteenth century a factory for the manufacturing of the ware being established in Fayenza, France, the name Majolica was finally dropped, and Faience generally substituted.

The finest specimens of Italian art in Majolica were made before the middle of the sixteenth century, and shortly after this period the art greatly declined, though it continued to be practiced to some extent down to the eighteenth century.

But during the decadence of the art of making enamelled pottery in Italy, it flourished greatly in France at the famous Palissy pottery works in Paris, and the factories at Nevers and at Rouen.

The term Majolica is now applied to vessels made of colored clay and covered with white opaque varnish. It is made in Faience designs, but is not such fine work, and is much cheaper, so that it is known generally among those familiar with ceramic wares as "imitation Faience." Ware sold under the name of Majolica is usually entitled to the name fairly enough, but very little of that which dealers declare is imported was made outside of this country.

ABOUT BRIDAL PRESENTS.—"It is scarcely the right thing," said a young bride, "to look a gift horse in the mouth, and yet it's hard not to speak one's mind on a matter of this kind. It does seem to me that people might think awhile before buying wedding presents. I am sure if they had done so I would never have received nine biscuit boxes. Whatever am I to do with them all? I can only use one at a time; or, at the most, two. Now, what is to become of the other seven? It's just too perplexing for anything. If I could only show them, it wouldn't be so bad, but I can't even do that."

"Dear me! I don't know why you should worry over such a little thing as that," observed her sister, who had been married nine years. "Those extra biscuit boxes will be very useful by-and-by. Select the one or two you want to keep, and then put the others carefully away. Whenever any of your friends marry, let a biscuit box be your gift. It'll save you lots of money. When I was married I received six fish servers among my presents. I was cross until some one gave me the hint that I have just given you, and then I was happy. It wasn't long before I had made good use of five fish servers."

The best prophet of the future is the past.

THE LITTLE ONES.—It is as natural to a child to be happy as it is to a fish to swim. But for this they need a certain amount of "letting alone." It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions.

We pity the little B.'s, our next-door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in front of the house, and they are scarcely allowed to go near it lest they should climb and hurt themselves.

They cannot climb a tree for the same reason. They may not skate or swim or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them all, with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most daring little mischief that ever wore a sun-bonnet, and she has learned to be deceitful and plays all her mad pranks well out of sight of her parents' eyes.

We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad 100 feet below. The railing was not a foot wide, and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under.

It was enough to make one shudder. Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request, and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good.

Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation and a certain amount of physical freedom.

There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine, and that "nothing ever happens" as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

FATS AS TONICS.—Fats, especially those which are easy of digestion, like cod-liver oil and sweet cream, are essential to the well-being of the nervous system. The peculiar substance—neurine—found in all nervous structures contains fat as an essential constituent.

It is remarkable that most "nervous" individuals have a strong aversion to fats as articles of diet. This is extremely unfortunate, for the omission of fats and oils from the diet tends not only to continue the nervousness, but to increase the irritability and weakness.

Cod-liver oil is a most valuable medicine in such cases, because it is already partly digested by admixture with the bile secreted by the liver of the fish, and thus rendered still more easy of absorption. The labor of digestion is thus partly taken away from the task to be performed by the invalid. Of course the fishy odor is objectionable at first, but this is generally soon overcome by persevering with the use of the oil.

THE CANDID FRIEND.—Artist: "Now, my dear friend, examine this picture carefully and give me your candid opinion about it."

Friend (after examination): "The likeness is wonderful, but haven't you given her a little too much color?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"About this portrait of your grandmother."

Grandmother! Why, man alive, what's the matter with you? That's not my grandmother. That's a sunrise!"

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1888.

The House Beautiful illustrated at Wanamaker's. The entire centre cross gallery on the second floor is enclosed with walls of Carpet, shutting out all daylight; the south side is an open *salon* 174 feet long, and on the north side are nine rooms opening from it. And opening from the east end of the gallery nine more handsome rooms are permanently arranged. All are brilliantly lighted with electricity and gas. Within them you may see all sorts of Furniture, Upholstery, Carpets, Rugs, and bric-a-brac arranged to show practical effects in dining-rooms, parlors, bed-rooms, living-rooms, libraries, and hallways.

It is, we believe, the greatest and most interesting exhibit of house-belongings ever made in this city. We think you will be charmed by it.

Come.

PARLOR SUITES.—Are you looking for a Parlor Suite? No secrets about our Furniture. The outside you look at and feel of, *the inside we guarantee.* If you wish, we'll tell you exactly the number of yards required for covering and you may pick it to your mind. But one price and that the right price.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.—A grand illustration of our Furniture stock:

Ninety distinct styles of leather covered Dining-room Chairs. A remarkable specimen of cheapness is a very neat design at $6.75 each, in which you can have your choice of oak or walnut, strong and reliable, and good *leather* seat.

One hundred distinct styles of Sideboards—and more. A good Antique Oak Sideboard, well made and well finished, at $10.

Fifty-odd sorts of Extension Dining-tables. The prices go from $6 to $175.

$35 BED-ROOM SUITE.—By far the best suite for the money we ever heard of.

Eight pieces for $35.

Bedstead
Bureau (bev. glass)
Washstand
Table
Towel Rack
2 Chairs
Rocker

} $35

You shall have for $35 the three pieces that are commonly sold for a "suite."

BRASS BEDSTEADS.—We have a large and choice assortment made expressly for our sales by one of the best English manufacturers, and have set apart a special room for the exhibition of the samples. The variety covers a range of prices from $26 to $275. Even the lowest priced are strictly first-class in quality and workmanship.

Also white and brass Cribs from $9 to $25, and all brass at $36.

You have only begun to hear of the Wanamaker Brussel Carpet $1.25 *a yard, warranted, and a choice of thirty patterns.*

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In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
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Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
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Strong Testimony from Honorable George Starr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

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DR. RADWAY: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,

GEO. STARR.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swellings, hacking dry cough, cancerous affections, bleeding of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing diabetes, inflammation or irritation of the bladder, albuminous or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

☞Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Humorous.

"CALL ME EARLY."

"Now, wake me up at six o'clock,"
He said on going to bed,
"To-morrow is my busy day,
I'll get right up," he said.

His patient wife, who previously
Experiments had tried,
Said nothing—only looked at him,
And sadly, softly sighed.

The night passed on; the morning came,
At six she said, "My own,
It's six o'clock. You know you said—"
He grunted, "Lemme 'lone!"

At seven she gently tried again,
But once again without
The slightest semblance of success—
He only snapped, "Get out!"

At eight her courage almost failed,
And turned to wholesale dread,
For as she spoke she had to dodge
A boot flung at her head.

She thought he swore at nine o'clock,
And gave up trying then:
And he whose busy day it was
Got up at half-past ten.

Then came the tide of bitterness
That overflowed her cup,
For he remarked, "What, half-past ten!
Why didn't you wake me up?"

—U. N. None.

When is an actor not an actor?—Nine times out of ten.

The receipts at a walking match are properly called gait money.

A bad habit to get into—Any habit for which a man owes his tailor.

When you see a red-nosed politician use your eyes and you will see a dark horse.

It must be a very good brass band that can play all the airs a drum major puts on.

"Yes," said the landlady, sadly, "appearances are deceitful, but disappearances are still more so."

Whenever a man gives you advice, ask him to loan you a dollar. You will then find out what his advice is worth.

"Bobby, go out and tell Johnny to quit filing that saw." "He ain't filing the saw, papa. It's sister Lize singing to Mr. De Smack."

She: "Why don't you get married?" He, fishing: "I am so ugly no one will have me." She: "Wouldn't some one else ugly as you are have you?"

"How did you begin life?" the young man asked the great man. "I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man; "it was here when I got here."

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expressed himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the roses with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins."

Artful Jimmie, conscious of unprepared lessons and desirous of staying from school: "Mamma, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?"

Below are three definitions which were handed in at one time or another in one of Boston's public schools: Turmoil—a kind of oil. Bandit—a lawyer. Barrister—a man who sings in the choir.

A negro, who is the happy father of 35 children, was on trial recently, and among other questions was asked if he was a man of family. The look that he gave the court would have broken the heart of a wooden cigar sign.

Boy to troubled parent: "Pa, why ain't baby no teeth?" "Because he does not eat meat." "Why don't he?" "Because he don't want to." "Why don't he want to?" "'Cos he can't." "Why can't he?" "'Cos he hasn't any teeth. Now shut up: you've set the baby crying."

Friend of the deceased (who had ordered a monument): "That space looks a little bare (pointing with his cane). Some inscription should go in there." Monument man: "Your friend was a married man, was he not?" "Oh, yes; married four times." "How would 'At Rest' do, then?"

Gray: "What's the matter with the Johnsons and the Jacksons? They used to be the best of friends. Now they are bitter enemies." Green: "Well, the Johnsons have always kept a dog and the Jacksons used to pet it." Gray: "I know that." Green: "Well, the Jacksons have a dog of their own now."

A man passing along the street saw two children, apparently five and six years old, playing in the gutter. The elder wore pantaloons, while the latter still clung to infantile dresses. Stopping, he addressed the boy with pantaloons: "Are you both boys?" "No," was the reply; "I'm one, and Johnny's going to be one next week."

"You will come to our bazaar to-morrow evening, Mr. Simpson, of course," she said with a bewitching smile; "and you must bring lots of money with you." Mr. Simpson was so overcome by the smile that he was on his knees before he knew it, and presently everything was as it should be. "George, dear," the girl said, later on, and she said it thoughtfully, "perhaps it will be as well for you not to bring too much money to-morrow evening. We ought both to practice economy now, you know."

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HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

MARBLES.—Common marbles are now made of clay, rolled up into balls and baked in a kiln, each on a little tripod stand. On every marble so made you will find three little marks where the soft clay has rested on the wire.

Clear glass marbles are made by dipping an iron rod into melted glass, and either dropping the bunch taken up on its point into a bullet mould, or else whirling it into spherical shape in the hand. In cases where there is a figure inside the sphere, the figure is stuck on the end of the rod, and the glass worked round it.

Colored glass marbles are made by holding together a bundle of different colored glass fibres and melting them in the blowpipe, and twisting them up into shape. Look at the first glass marble you pick up. On it you will notice a more or less perceptible scar. The scar is on the spot where the marble was chipped off the rod after it was made.

Agates are shaped on a grindstone. Common marbles, "stoneys," are made by placing bits of rough stone in a mill between two millstones. Another plan is to place a strong barrel in a stream, so that it will revolve like a water-wheel, and fill it with odds and ends of stone.

The constant grinding of the pieces against each other soon reduces them to roundness, as the constant attrition caused by the sea rounds the angular flints into pebbles on the shore.

DISTINGUISHED IN YOUTH.—It is often late ere genius shows itself; just as often, however, does distinction come early. Thus Washington was a distinguished colonel at twenty-two. Gladstone was a member of Parliament at twenty-two and at twenty-four was Lord of the Treasury. Bright never went to school after he was fifteen. Sir Robert Peel entered Parliament at twenty-one, and was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three. Charles James Fox became a legislator at nineteen—an age when young men are given to breaking rather than making laws. Bacon graduated at Cambridge when he was sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-four. John Stuart Mill by the time he was ten had read more Greek and Latin authors than are commonly read by University graduates. Napoleon commanded the army of Italy at twenty-five. Before he was seventeen Shelley was already an author—had translated the half of Pliny's "Natural History" and had written a number of wild romances.

LIKE a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for $85 at that price to the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than $100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely FREE. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold Watch and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from $1,000 to $2,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit, for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure, FREE, AN ELEGANT $85, SOLID GOLD, HUNTING-CASE WATCH and our large, complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, STINSON & Co., Box 302 Portland, Maine.

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In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*

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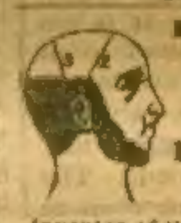

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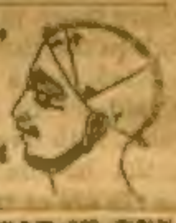

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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Latest Fashion Fleeces.

One of the materials of the day appears to be Pongee silk. Everybody almost seems to be buying it, for purposes of all kinds, decorative and personal, and Pongee silk, though up in the world, appears to be lowered in price, for the time, to add to its universal popularity and ready sale.

Certainly the aprons of it are dainty and pretty; the sashes for both small and grown-up girls dressy and becoming, the draperies for pianos and valances, tablecloths, cushions, cosies, and lastly, the whole costumes of it are both artistic and graceful, so that Pongee silk is not to be looked upon slightingly, though it may not please the taste of those who prefer richer materials, after the style of "silks that stand of themselves."

In tea gowns there is nothing new, either in material or the mode of arranging; the novelties are introduced when the "selling off" season is over. One pretty way of trimming is to place a cascade of lace down one side of the front—usually the right, and a band of handsome embroidery down the left—leaving the full front in between.

White fronts, soft and drawn in folds, of satin Merveilleux, Pongee silk or Surah, are often put into the half mourning tea gowns. Delicate black lace is draped over it some times, with long white satin ribbon ends, loosely tied at the waist.

Serviceable dresses for grown-up people for morning wear are made with plain skirts, and over drapery simply caught up at the side, the bodice full and belted, with a wide turndown collar, embroidered at the edge, and having a floral spray at intervals. A more elaborate style has a narrow pleating round the hem, the skirt itself meeting this and falling from the waist in one continuous line, with eight pleats at the side, each four turning different ways, but meeting in the centre, ends of ribbons falling over them.

The bodice only reaches to the waist, where there is a braided belt. It is cut high in the throat with an all-round collar braided, and a waistcoat the entire length is laid on in front, tapering towards the waist, with five rows of smocking, and tiny motifs in braiding on either side. The sleeves are of the coat shape, and come to the wrist, but are cut down on the outside of the arm, where a gathered smock piece is introduced, forming a puff at the top and at the elbow.

A third has an upstanding collar, and the bodice, which also has a smocked waistcoat, ends in a point. The sleeves are full, and form one long puff to the mid-arm, where they meet a tight piece smocked, on the outside.

An artistic tea gown finds favor with women who in other respects have no predilections for artistic dressing. A princess dress with a long, soft silk front, falling in a straight line to the feet, having a pointed smocked yoke at the neck, a loose girdle round the waist; another princess dress opens to show a plain underskirt belted at the waist, the bodice full and crossing in front, sleeves wrinkled to the shape of the arm in the same soft material, such as Arabian crape, with long hanging sleeves to match the dress, open from the shoulder. Pockets are placed on the outside of the skirts, embroidered and smocked, and almost every dress presents a variety in smocking.

For indoor wear, smart little tailor-made costees of thin black cloth, with lappels, are being worn. The waistcoat is varied according to fancy, and usually made of a square of colored silk.

One idea now is to fold a white handkerchief with a fancy border to form a waistcoat, with the border brought forward, so that it shows well between the opening of the bodice. Just a little care is required to pucker it up effectively and fit it in.

While on the subject of fancy pocket handkerchiefs, perhaps it will not come amiss to mention the pretty little table pincushions that are being made with the self colored ones, such as pink, blue, red, gray, etc.

A little cushion, round and hard, about the size of an apple, is first made with bran and any scrap of linen; then the handkerchief is put over it, a string is tied round, and the four corners first spread out and then arranged to form a border by being pinned to the cushion. The effect is somewhat that of an apple resting on leaves. These pincushions are cheaply, easily, and quickly made, and a scrap of narrow ribbon may be added for a finish at one side.

There appears to be a mania for pincushions now, and the devices are many, from collars on cushions, guitars, tambourines, etc. to a couple of miniature sacks, fastened together on a plateau of velvet or silk, edged with pins, and a mouse nibbling one, calling to mind that these sacks had something to do with the house that Jack built.

Another way of utilizing the muslin handkerchiefs with embroidered borders, that were so much in vogue for hats last summer, is to place them on a round satin bag, and allow them to form the base, each corner being carried up and fastened by its point to the sides. These bags may be seen on many a table, and are fashionable little gifts of the day.

In fancy stationery there are delightful boxes of colored correspondence cards and envelopes in exquisite shades, such as salmon, primrose, gray, sky blue and plush pink, which are much used now. Also fancy cards and note paper with various devices, such as animals in outline, carrying a placard with "Hard lines" written on; a couple of love birds close together, with "Tete-a-tete" inscribed beneath; another couple with "Entre nous;" a float descending among some small goldfish, with "I drop you a line," etc.

In ball programmes there are some in old-fashioned style, with "Ye deede of partnership" written across the back, and the pencil in the form of a feather pen.

Menus and guest cards can be had in gray and silver, to look like slates in silver frames, and others are on pink or gray card, with minute cherubs playing horns flying about, and a good imitation of a bronze gong in one corner. In photo frames, those in pale tinted wood, with a few flowers at the base, and "Dost thou like the picture?" written across the top are novel.

Umbrella handles in wood sometimes have a bear clambering up, in discolored ivory, or a young moon with a *pronounce* profile in ivory, rising above a small brown owl carved out of the wood of the stick. The walking-sticks, with a most minute but good-going watch set into them, are affected by a good many pedestrians. They are neat in appearance.

Watches set in leather bracelets are on the wane, but purses are now substituted, so that the wearer can take out small coins without the usual desperate struggle for her pocket, or frantic dive into full hand bags.

In real flowers, the red tulip, with lilies of the valley, or cyclamen, fill receptacles on dinner tables. The fashion of having basket ware in one color, especially red or pale green, filled with two colored flowers, is vying in popularity with white china with one color, or real old china lightly filled with a few exotics and small sprays of feathery grass. This grass, of the airiest kind, is used among flowers for dress decoration, and is a *specialite* at one noted florist's. Violets for buttonholes predominate at present, but lilies of the valley run them close.

Odds and Ends.

SOME CHARMING DISHES.

We have noticed in our household, and no doubt other people's experience is the same as ours, that of our attempts to please the palates of our guests, some are received with much more favor than others. Indeed, we have one or two dishes for which we are noted, their popularity is so widespread. Their appearance is the signal for their disappearance.

One of the most popular sweet dishes is dignified by the name of a casserole. Take one pound of French plums; take out the stones, set the fruit in an enamelled saucepan, with three-quarters of a pint of cold water, a few lumps of white sugar, and a small piece of lemon peel cut very thinly from the lemon. Let the fruit stew until it is quite tender, when add an ounce packet of gelatine dissolved in a little hot water (care must be taken that it is thoroughly dissolved before the prunes are removed from the fire) and a small glass of port wine. If you possess a casserole mould, pour the stewed fruit into it, but if you do not the following plan answers admirably:

Take a cake tin of the size that would hold an ordinary cake, place in the middle of it a moderate sized Liebig or currant jelly jar, turned upside down. The object is to turn out the stewed prunes when cold in a smooth round jelly, with a space in the centre for cream. Please do not forget to carefully oil the tin, and observe that there should be a sufficient proportion of juice to quite cover the fruit. You will have to place a heavy weight on the little jar before pouring in the fruit, or the juice will rush underneath and lift it up. This weight must remain until the jelly is firmly set, which will take twelve hours. Now crack the stones and take out the kernels. Carefully remove the little jar, and turn out the jelly on to a glass dish. Take half or a quarter of a pint of thick cream, whip to a froth, fill up the hole in the centre, and lay the rest in the dish round the casserole. Color a little crushed loaf sugar by laying it in a saucer with a little cochineal, and sprinkle lightly over the cream. Stick a double row of kernels round the top of the casserole, and it is finished.

Where strict economy is an object a quarter of a pint of cream may be made to answer the same purpose as half a pint, by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth with a knife, and adding it to the cream, before proceeding to whisk it. This dish is really very easy to make, the critical points in it being to have a sufficient quantity of juice, so that it may turn out a smooth dark jelly filled with fruit, to stew the fruit until perfectly soft and to turn it nicely out of the tin.

Next in order of favor comes a German or spiced apple tart. This is an extremely pretty dish, and makes a charming addition to a luncheon, supper, or high tea.

Recipe for German Apple Tart.—Take one pound and three-quarters of good cooking apples, a quarter of a pound of dates; peel and core the apples, cut them up small, and put them into an enamelled saucepan with the dates stoned and cut up. Let them stew together till quite soft. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Beat up smoothly and turn out into a dish to cool. In the meantime proceed with the crust.

Take half a pound of flour, add to it two ounces of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a small teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter of a pound of butter. This tart is best made in a small oval baking tin, the sides of which are as straight as possible. An ordinary tart dish slopes too much, besides which it is always more difficult to get an undercrust thoroughly baked in earthenware than in a tin. Mix the dough with the yolk of an egg and half a teacupful of milk. It should be mixed dry enough to leave the sides of the basin quite clean. Cut the dough into three pieces. With one, rolled out to a thickness of a quarter of an inch, line the bottom of the tin. With the second piece line the sides of the tin, wetting the edges of the crust where it overlaps with a little milk. Fill the tin with the stewed apple, and with the third piece of crust cover the whole. Trim the crust round evenly where it joins the sides, and notch it round. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, taking care that the undercrust is thoroughly done. When baked, loosen the tart from the sides of the tin, but do not turn it out until it is about half cold, or it will probably break. Have ready a suitable dish with a d'oyley neatly folded on it. Turn the tart out on to it. The easiest way of doing this is to place a small chopping-board over the tin, reverse it, and let the tart drop gently on to the board, then slip the tart from the board to the dish. In the meantime, beat the white of the egg (the yolk of which you used for the crust) to a stiff froth with the blade of a knife, sift in two ounces of castor sugar, add a few drops of vanilla, and spread smoothly over the tart. Ornament it round the edge with preserved cherries, cut in half alternately with pieces of preserved green gage, apricot, or fruit of any prettily contrasting color. A star in the centre, of the preserved fruit, is a pretty addition. Two ounces will be found sufficient for ornamenting the tart.

A very favorite pudding, both with adults and children, is one which goes by the name of snow pudding. It may be eaten hot or cold.

Recipe for a Snow Pudding.—Take any pieces of stale bread, or if you wish a very delicate pudding the crumb of a stale roll, cut into small pieces; pour over them a pint of boiling milk, and let them stand near the fire until thoroughly soaked, so that they can be beaten up to the consistency of bread sauce. Then add a little sugar according to taste, but be careful not to oversweeten, two ounces of butter, a few drops of vanilla, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. When sufficiently baked (it will take about three-quarters of an hour), spread on the top a layer of raspberry jam. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth with a knife until it is like snow, and pile lightly on the top of the pudding.

A DARKEY's instructions for putting on a coat were: "Put de right arm, den de left, and den give one general convulsion."

Do not talk of your private, personal or family matters.

Confidential Correspondents.

FRANK.—To become a good speaker, three things are necessary—to read much, to think much, and to speak much.

E. G. B.—Germany is a constitutional monarchy, the Emperor exercising imperial power in the name of the twenty-five confederate States. The population of Germany by the census of 1885 was 46,855,450.

R. K.—A skilful dentist would contrive an apparatus by which pressure might be brought to bear on your projecting front teeth and so pull them back into the straight line. It would be more than anything a matter of expense.

K. M. A.—It is not often that a baby is born with a tooth, but such freaks of nature have occurred. Read King Richard III., and you will find that a very hideous superstition is connected with the phenomenon which you describe.

COUNTRY.—The pillory and the stocks were distinct modes of punishment, though of the same class. When a man sat in the stocks he did sit, and only his feet were held. In the pillory, he stood, and his head and hands were passed through holes.

ERIN.—The Whiteboys were a secret agrarian organization started in Ireland about the year 1759; they received their name from a practice they had of wearing a white shirt when on their nightly expeditions. They were also called Levellers, because they pulled down all fences and walls that were in ther way.

ALMA.—The air from our lungs compared with air at the same temperature, pressure, and moisture is slightly heavier. It is however lighter than the cold air that usually surrounds us, and therefore rises. This is a matter of no importance, as in a short time it diffuses through every part, high or low, of the atmosphere of the rooms we inhabit.

WINSTANLEY.—Lime may be removed from skins by soaking them in weak cold muriatic acid—of course after washing away as much of the lime as water will remove—and then washing thoroughly with cold water. There is no fear of the skins being harmed if all the acid is washed away. We know of no method but treatment with alkalies to rid skins of hair, and the only safe one to employ is lime.

BOUKY.—We should strongly advise you to have nothing more to do with such a very unsatisfactory suitor; if the gentleman does not introduce you to his friends, and never writes to you, he cannot mean to marry you, and it is not worth your while to spend the brightest years of your life in allowing him to play fast and loose with you. There are plenty as good as he in the world; send him about his business and [illegible].

FERRO.—The manipulations necessary for the production of positives on glass will answer equally well for ferrotypes, the two being identical, except that the glass plate in the former is substituted for a thin sheet of iron in the latter. The process is one of the simplest of photographic operations. Nearly all photographic apparatus dealers issue, or at least supply, small books [illegible] will give all the details you require. The dry-plate processes are not suitable for ferrotypes.

DOWNED.—If you have a distance to go to see your friends on your evenings of liberty, and find it impossible to do it in the time, speak to your mistress and tell her the difficulty; even if she refuses, it will be better than showing your annoyance, as so many servants do, by banging, and scowling, and behaving like spoiled children. There should be a little give and take on both sides; and if your mistress is so kind in most matters, she will very likely see the justice of your plea and extend your time a little.

NORTH.—The Plymouth Brethren of England, receive their name on account of their first community having been formed at Plymouth about the year 1830. It consisted principally of certain retired officers, whose zeal and piety led them to set up a protest against high churchism of the Establishment on the one hand, and the cold formalism exhibited by certain sects on the other. The doctrines of the Christians (as the Brethren self-style themselves) are Calvinistic; they believe in original sin, predestination, the atonement and intercession of Christ, regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and a coming millennium. They reject all orders of ministers, forms of Church government, and ecclesiastical organizations.

ARTHUR S.—It often happens that in families there is one bad character who is almost invariably the mother's favorite. The divine maternal instinct seems to make women pity a son who is morally maimed as much as though he were a cripple. Your man is such a scoundrel that it would be a pity to spare him. It is no kindness to spare him, for fellows of his class have no moral sense, and they always presume on the goodness and tenderness of others. All over the world such ne'er-do-wells are to be met; and you must not think us cynical if we say that they are usually incurable. They are the pest of the country, and they end either by committing some crime or by drifting back home to sponge on those who were foolish enough to send them away. You can never persuade one of those men that he is anything but a martyr; and he will snarl and bite the kindest of the hands that feed him. Harden your heart, and you will be really conferring the greatest kindness on him.

S. H. T.—What is known in history as "The Hundred Years War" is the succession of struggles between France and England that began with the battle of Sluys in 1338, and ended with the death of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, at the siege of Chatillon in 1453, when the English were finally driven from France and forced to give up all their French possessions, except the town of Calais. It was during the various campaigns which were entered into by the two nations that the battles of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt were fought. The war originated in a claim laid to the French throne by Edward III. on the death of his brother-in-law, Charles IV. of France, who died in 1328, leaving no living child to succeed him. Edward claimed the throne in his mother's name, who was the daughter of Philip IV. of France; but her right to the crown was set aside by the Salic law, and the French people chose Philip of Valois, a direct male descendant of Philip IV., to be their monarch. Acknowledging the Salic law in part, Edward ingeniously maintained that, though it prevented a female from filling the throne, it did not destroy the rights of her male descendants, and determined to assert his rights by means of the sword.